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JAPAN



# JAPAN

AS  
VIEWED  
BY  
17  
CREATORS

MOYOKO ANNO  
AURÉLIA AURITA  
FRÉDÉRIC BOILET  
ÉTIENNE DAVODEU  
NICOLAS DE CRÉCY  
EMMANUEL GUIBERT  
KAZUICHI HANAWA  
DAISUKE IGARASHI  
LITTLE FISH

TAIYO MATSUMOTO  
FABRICE NÉAUD  
BENOÎT PEETERS  
DAVID PRUDHOMME  
FRANÇOIS SCHUITEN  
JOANN SFAR  
KAN TAKAHAMA  
JIRO TANIGUCHI



FANFARE / PONENT MON

# JAPAN

AS  
VIEWED  
BY  
17  
CREATORS

At the beginning, a crossing of two cultures, French and Japanese, which is going to awaken many things in each one of the authors who participates in the adventure: a stay in Japan does not leave one indifferent... Eight stories from nine European authors result, in which all the exoticism of this elusive and mysterious country is depicted with imagination, humor and poetry. As if in response to these impressions of the artist-travelers, eight authors from the Archipelago portray their Japan, the everyday one, that of modernity and that of legend. After reading this sentient collection of anecdotes and tales woven together from such different views, one desires nothing more than to visit and see for oneself some bit of the land of the Rising Sun.

# **JAPAN**

AS  
VIEWED  
BY  
**17**  
CREATORS



Subject : The autumn in Japan?  
Date : Sat, 27 Mar 2004 02:44:38 +0900  
From : Frédéric Boilet  
To : Etienne Davodeau

Dear Etienne,

How's it going?

I'm writing to invite you to Japan.  
Would you be able to take off for two weeks in October?

Within the framework of a project for a collective album, currently named *Japan*, the French Institutes and Alliances in Japan have come together to invite eight French comic creators to visit.  
I am in charge of the editorial line together with my Japanese partner Masanao Amano and have recommended you as a candidate...

The album will come out at the end of 2005 in several countries. Editions in Japanese, French, Spanish, English, Dutch and Italian have already been planned for.

The work will bring together eight short stories by eight French-speaking authors who will be invited to visit eight cities in Japan (the cities where the respective institutes and alliances are situated: Tokyo, Kyoto, Osaka, Nagoya, Fukuoka, Sapporo, Sendai and Tokushima) and eight authors living in Japan (seven Japanese authors and yours truly).

We're asking the visiting authors to create a 10 to 16 page story in black and white - fiction, chronicle, autobiography - around the place, town or area to which they are invited.

The Japanese authors and myself will create stories around the place where we live, our neighborhoods or, in the case of the Japanese, their native country...

The panels would have to be submitted by the end of March 2005 at the latest.

I've already had the opportunity to have a word with Joann Sfar and Nicolas de Crécy, and they're eager.

So now I'm getting in touch with you and several other author friends : Aurélia Aurita, Emmanuel Guibert, Fabrice Neaud, David Prudhomme, François Schuiten and Benoit Peeters...

On the Japanese side, Kan Takahama and I myself are of course already in



agreement, and we are now asking Moyoko Anno, Kazuichi Hanawa, Daisuke Igarashi, Little Fish, Taiyo Matsumoto and Jiro Taniguchi...

As for financial support, the French Embassy and your host establishment will pick up your travel and accommodation expenses (in some cases in private homes, in others at a hotel or guest house).

If you are interested in the project, I'll send you another email to fill you in with more details about other financial aspects, authors' rights, printing in the different languages, etc.

Regarding the selection of the host city, the decision will be made by the institutes after the list of participants is drawn up. Obviously if you have any preference, you can let me know but I can't make any promises at this moment.

Have I said enough?

Let me know quickly if this adventure tempts you!

It's a lovely project - a true cultural exchange for the authors, and also for the future readers - and I would be really happy if you agreed to participate.

Plus, it could be a chance to get together again (unless you're sent to the other end of Japan, to Tokushima or Sapporo!)?

Regards

Frédéric Boilet

# KAN TAKAHAMA

## AT THE SEASIDE



**K**an Takahama was born in 1977 in Amakusa. She began her career as a mangaka in 2001 when Garo magazine published short stories from *Kinderbook*, which was later published in Spanish, English and French. In 2002 she connected with the Nouvelle Manga movement and created *Mariko Parade* (which has been translated into four languages) in which her crisp and expressive artwork meets the realism of Frédéric Boilet's sketches. Kan Takahama is currently working on *Two Espressos*, a solo album due to be published simultaneously in five languages in 2006.



# 浜辺の物語

高浜寛





HERE WE ARE!  
WE CAN WALK  
FROM HERE...

IT'S  
JUST A  
HAMLET.



DO YOU THINK  
WE CAN LEAVE  
OUR BAGS?

YEAH,  
NO THIEVES  
HERE.



TAKE YOUR  
JACKET, THOUGH.  
THE SEA WIND IS  
CHILLY.



HMM

SO, THIS IS  
IT. WE'RE ON  
THE VERY TIP OF  
JAPAN?

YES,  
IT'S THE FAR  
WEST.



THE EURASIAN  
CONTINENT IS ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF THE  
SEA.



WANT TO  
SEE THE HOUSE  
WHERE I WAS  
BORN? IT'S  
VERY CLOSE TO  
HERE.



GOT YOUR  
CAMERA?

OK, GOOD,  
LET'S GO.





THERE AREN'T ANY KIDS AROUND EVEN THOUGH TODAY'S A HOLIDAY.

MY GENERATION WAS THE LAST ONE TO BE BORN. SINCE, THERE'S ONLY OLD FOLKS.

IT'S CALLED "TAKAHANA" 'O BECAUSE THE WAVES ARE VERY HIGH, BUT THE NAME MIGHT DISAPPEAR IF THE VILLAGES ARE JOINED TOGETHER.



AH



THESE ARE THE DESCENDANTS OF A CAT I ONCE HAD.

ALL THE KITTENS ARE WHITE.

AND LOOK, THIS LITTER ALL HAS DROOPING EYES, EVEN THOUGH THEY'RE CATS, SEE?

SINCE THEY MATE WITH CLOSE RELATIVES, THEY'RE MORE LIKELY TO HAVE KITTENS WITH DEFORMITIES.



THE WHOLE  
PLACE HAS BEEN  
REPAINTED. I DON'T  
RECOGNIZE  
ANYTHING...



OH, BUT...

...INSIDE IT  
LOOKS LIKE NOTHING  
HAS CHANGED.

IT LOOKS  
RELATIVELY NEW  
BUT ACTUALLY  
IT'S MORE THAN A  
HUNDRED YEARS  
OLD...



OH YEAH... INSIDE  
THERE'S A SECRET  
CHRISTIAN CHAPEL THAT  
MY PARENTS USED  
AS A STORAGE  
ROOM.

WHEN I WAS  
LITTLE, I ACTUALLY  
SAW A GHOST IN  
THERE.



A close-up of a man with dark hair and glasses, looking extremely shocked with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. He is wearing a dark jacket over a light-colored shirt. The background is dark and indistinct.

WAS IT  
COMING OUT OF  
THE CHAPEL,  
THAT...

...THAT  
GHOST?

A dark, grainy image showing a woman from the chest up. She has long dark hair and is wearing a light-colored garment, likely a kimono. The image is very dark, with the woman's face and hair being the primary light sources.

AS A MATTER  
OF FACT, IT WAS A  
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
WEARING A MAGNIFICENT  
PINK KIMONO.

SHE CAME OUT OF  
THE STORAGE ROOM AND  
STARED AT ME, THEN SHE  
LEFT THE HOUSE WITHOUT  
SAYING A WORD.

A wide shot of a traditional Japanese building with a thatched roof and a wooden veranda. A wooden ladder or scaffolding leans against the veranda. In the foreground, a small cat is visible on the ground. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting dusk or dawn.

...THAT'S WEIRD.  
SOUNDS LIKE "ONE  
HUNDRED YEARS OF  
SOLITUDE".\*



MY MOTHER SAYS  
OUR ANCESTORS WERE  
ONCE SEAFARERS.

IT'S POSSIBLE  
THEY GOT AS FAR AS  
HERE IN THE TIME OF  
THE VOYAGES OF  
EXPLORATION.

HOWEVER,  
THEY NEVER  
LEFT ANY  
TRACES...

WHY? ...MY  
GRANDMOTHER  
USED TO TELL  
ME THAT OUR  
ANCESTORS  
WERE PIRATES!  
THEY WERE  
SUBDUED BY  
THE GOVERNMENT  
AND ENDED UP  
BY SETTLING  
HERE AND BUYING A  
REF.

WHO  
KNOWS...  
MAYBE THEY  
MET?

YOUR ANCESTORS  
PROBABLY  
ACCOMMODATED WINE  
AND PILLAGED ALL  
THEIR RICHES.

HISTORY  
REPEATS ITSELF.  
BECAUSE OF YOU,  
I'M TOTALLY  
BROKE.

HA HA HA





I'D LOOK  
AT THE CONTINENT,  
AND VERY OFTEN  
DREAMT...

...THAT  
SOMEDAY, SOMEONE  
WOULD COME FROM  
THERE...

...TO EASE MY  
LONELINESS.



IT'S  
FUNNY  
BUT...

...I NEVER  
IMAGINED THAT  
SOMEONE WOULD  
COME FROM  
JAPAN.

I ALWAYS  
KNEW HE'D COME  
FROM THE SEA.



AND  
HERE I AM,  
WITH YOU WHO HAVE  
CROSSED THE  
SEA...

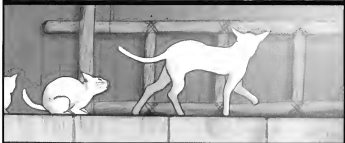
I DON'T KNOW IF  
YOU'RE REALLY THAT  
"SOMEONE"...

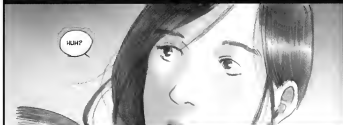
DO YOU  
REMEMBER THAT  
STORY I DID?

THE FIRST  
ONE YOU READ...  
YOU EVEN CAME  
TO INTERVIEW ME  
AFTERWARDS.

I HAD THE  
CHARACTERS  
SAYING THE SAME  
THINGS AS  
NOW.

...SO WHEN  
WILL WE SEE  
EACH OTHER  
AGAIN...?













*"Hamabe no Monogatari"*

Kan Takahama

setting :

2005, Winter  
Takahama (Kumamoto)

For Luis J. Mendíndez

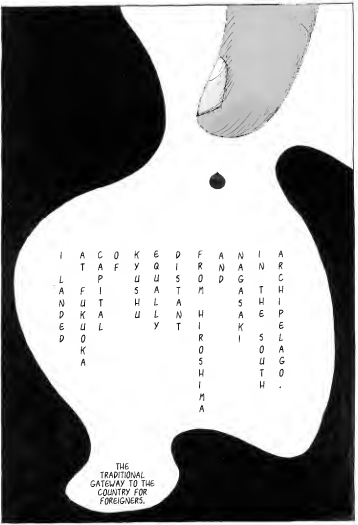
# DAVID PRUDHOMME

## THE GATEWAY



Born in 1969, David Prudhomme attended the Atelier BD at l'École de l'Image in Angoulême in 1990. With that solid training under his belt, his work developed along several different lines. A gifted illustrator, he devoted the first part of his career to the artwork for the *Ninon Secrète* series. Since publishing *Voyages aux pays des Serbes* in 2003, David Prudhomme has turned his talent toward more personal projects such as the adaptation of George Brassens' novel, *La Tour des Miracles*, together with Etienne Davodeau, which was also published in 2003.





A R C H I P E L A G O .  
I N T H E S O U T H  
N A G A S A K I  
A N D  
F R O M H I R O S H I M A  
D I S T A N T  
E Q U A L L Y  
K Y U S H U  
O F  
C A P I T A L  
A T F U K U O K A  
I L A N D E D

THE  
TRADITIONAL  
GATEWAY TO THE  
COUNTRY FOR  
FOREIGNERS.

LIFE IS  
FUNNY.

MISERI  
CORDUS!!

AH NOW,  
WE ARE SO  
SMALL.

WE'VE  
GONE TOO  
FAR.

THE "PREFECT"  
OF FUKUOKA  
HAS ASKED THE  
GOVERNMENT FOR  
AUTHORIZATION TO  
USE ROBOTS TO  
WORK ON THE  
ROADS...

THE  
LORD BE  
PRAISED.

I'M  
ALL FOR THE  
COMPLETE  
DISAPPEARANCE  
OF MAN. MAY  
ONLY THE  
ALL-POWERFUL  
HAVE BEING...

THE  
LORD BE  
PRAISED.

IT'S REALLY  
FANTASTIC  
IN BUDDHIST  
TEMPLES. ONE  
PLEDGES 300,000  
YEN. ANOTHER  
PLEDGES 500,000  
YEN AND THERE  
YOU ARE!

DON'T YOU  
AGREE, OUR  
"CONSUL"?

MY  
FATHER...

SHIVER  
ME  
TIMBERS!

ALL THE  
SAME, I AM  
QUITE OLD.

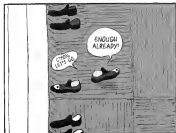
YOU  
HAVE TO  
KEEP ENJOYING  
YOURSELF...

DAVID,  
THE ONLY WAY  
TO GET TO KNOW  
JAPAN IS TO MARRY A  
JAPANESE WOMAN. YOU SEE  
WHAT A BAD POSITION WE  
CLERGYMEN ARE IN. AND I'M  
WELL OVER 80...

YES, YES, I  
UNDERSTAND NOTHING  
ABOUT THESE MODERN  
TIMES. I'M FROM THE  
19TH CENTURY. THE  
LORD BE PRAISED.

WELL, I  
COMPOSED  
(I AM A COMPOSER  
AS WELL) A PIECE  
FOR 8 PIANOS AND 4  
PIANISTS. AS WELL AS A  
PIECE FOR 18 PIANOS.  
ANOTHER ONE FOR 24  
PIANOS WHICH WE  
PLAY IN PIANO  
SHOPS.

HAVE YOU  
FINISHED?



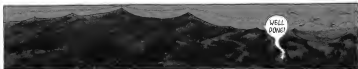
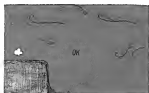


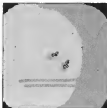
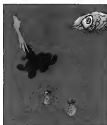
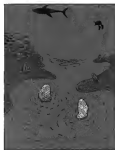




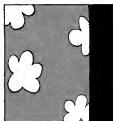


HITCH ON TO THE DETAILS.  
TO THE LITTLE  
PLEASURES.







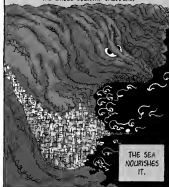






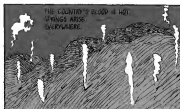


A BIRD'S EYE VIEW - THE LAND HAS A WRINKLED SKIN, CITIES POUR OUT OF ITS SIDES TO THE SEA, THE WHOLE COUNTRY SHUDDERS.



THE SEA  
NOURISHES  
IT.

THE COUNTRY'S BLOOD IS HOT,  
SPRINGS ARISE  
EVERYWHERE.

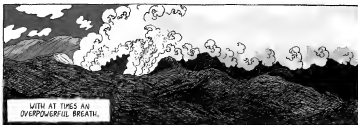


ITS WOMB SWELLS,

HERE  
THE MOUNTAIN  
SMOKES.



WITH AT TIMES AN  
OVERPOWERFUL BREATH,



ALTHOUGH IT HAPPENED LONG  
AGO, IT IS AN OVERPOWERING  
BREATH, DIVINE, A KAMIKAZE,  
WHICH SAVED THE COUNTRY  
FROM AN INVASION, DESTROYING  
THE ENEMY ARMY...



CARRYING AWAY DESPICABLE  
MEN AND HORSES.



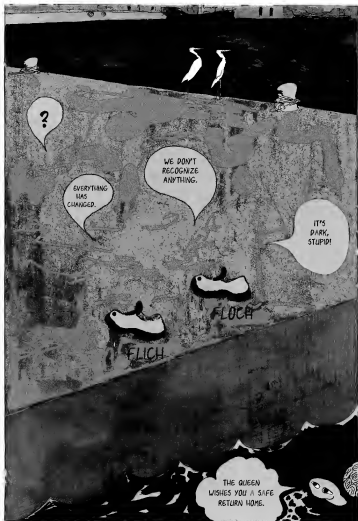
TODAY, WE FEAR THE UNFORESEEN



DO YOU KNOW THE OLD LEGEND OF URASHIMA TARO? HE WAS A FISHERMAN. ONE DAY, ON THE BEACH, HE SAW SOME CHILDREN TORMENTING A TURTLE. HE CHASED THE KIDS AWAY, SAVING THE TURTLE FROM THEIR CRUELTY... TO THANK HIM, THE TURTLE OFFERED TO TAKE HIM TO THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA. A WONDERFUL LAND. HE MET THE QUEEN THERE AND ENJOYED ALL SORTS OF DELIGHTS... BLISSFULLY, HE SPENT SOME TIME THERE, ENJOYING THIS SPLENDID COUNTRY... BUT ONE DAY HE FELT HOMESICK FOR HIS BIT OF THE BEACH. HE WANTED TO RETURN, TO SEE HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS, HIS HOME...



...HE ASKED FOR A MEETING WITH THE QUEEN WHO GAVE HIM THE RIGHT TO LEAVE THE LAND. THEN SHE GAVE HIM A BOX, A GIFT WHICH HE MUST NEVER OPEN. HE GAVE HER HIS WORD, AND THE TURTLE TOOK URASHIMA TARO BACK HOME. THERE, HE LEFT HIM ON THE BEACH, AND DISAPPEARED. URASHIMA TARO APPROACHED HIS VILLAGE BUT EVERYTHING HAD CHANGED. HIS FAMILY WAS DEAD, HIS HOUSE HAD DISAPPEARED, HE NO LONGER RECOGNIZED ANYTHING. THE KIDS WHO HAD TORMENTED THE TURTLE HAD NOW BECOME NOBLE OLD MEN AND NO ONE RECOGNIZED URASHIMA TARO ANYMORE. HE WAS A STRANGER IN HIS OWN LAND. SO, DISTRAUGHT, HE REMEMBERED THE BOX AND OPENED IT. IMMEDIATELY A HUGE MIST AROSE TO THE SKY AND AT THE VERY SAME TIME, URASHIMA TARO BECAME SHRIVELED AND WITHERED, HE WAS AN OLD MAN! IN REALITY, HIS AGE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM. HE HAD BEEN UNDER THE SEA FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS. ALL THE CHILDREN OF THIS COUNTRY KNOW THIS LEGEND.



# JIRO TANIGUCHI

## SUMMER SKY



Jiro Taniguchi was born August 14, 1947 in Tottori. Influenced by European comic book masters - Moebius, Schuiten, Cressin - he worked together with Natsuo Sekikawa and Ryuichiro Utsumi before creating solo albums : *The Walking Man*, *Chichi no Koyomi (The Almanac of my Father)*, *A Distant Neighborhood* (Alph Art Award for the best script at the Angoulême International Comics Festival in 2003). Jiro Taniguchi takes his time to narrate personal, everyday stories, often based on his own memories. In 2005 he won the best artwork award at the Angoulême Festival for *Kamigami no Itadaki (The Summit of the Gods)*.





28TH YEAR OF THE SHOWA PERIOD (1953)  
IT IS THE END OF THE SUMMER  
IN A FISHING VILLAGE IN THE SAN-IN REGION.



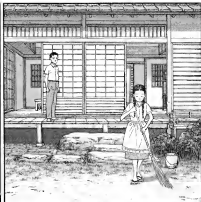
ON THE COAST OF THE SEA OF JAPAN, ON THE SOUTH END OF THE ISLAND OF HONSHU.

SUMMER VACATION IS ALMOST OVER.  
I HAD BEEN SICK, BEDRIDDEN, FOR  
NEARLY SIX MONTHS...



....AND I WAS  
FINALLY ABLE  
TO RETURN  
TO MY  
HOMETOWN  
TO VISIT  
MY AILING  
MOTHER.













SHE'S  
GETTING  
MARRIED THIS  
FALL.



AH...?



THAT KENKICHI  
HAS ARRANGED  
EVERYTHING FOR HIS  
CONVENIENCE.



I DON'T KNOW  
THE DETAILS...

...BUT SHE'S  
ENGAGED TO THE SON  
OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST  
FISHING BOSSES. WELL,  
MAYBE IT'S NOT  
ALL THAT BAD,  
AFTER ALL...



FOR HEAVEN'S  
SAKE, SHE'S ONLY  
A CHILD...



SHE'S ALMOST 16.  
THAT'S AN AGE AT  
WHICH MARRIAGE IS  
ALLOWED...



BESIDES,  
THERE'S NOTHING  
I CAN SAY.

WHAT ABOUT  
SAVO, WHAT DOES  
SHE THINK?



YOU KNOW,  
SAVO IS A GOOD  
GIRL....

AND AFTER ALL,  
HE DID TAKE HER  
IN AND RAISE HER  
AND HE'S HER ONLY  
RELATIVE.



SHE MUST  
FEEL GRATEFUL  
TO HIM.

I IMAGINE  
SHE DOESN'T  
OFTEN SAY WHAT  
SHE THINKS.



I WENT FISHING EVERY DAY. I LOVE DOING THAT.



ONCE IN A WHILE,  
SAVO CAME WITH ME.



SO...  
WANT TO TRY  
TODAY?



NO.

ARE YOU SURE?

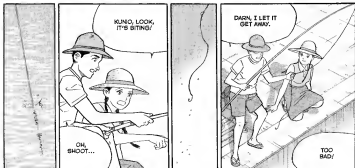
JUST LOOKING  
ON LIKE THAT WITH-  
OUT SAYING A WORD,  
ISN'T THAT PRETTY  
BORING?

NO, IT'S  
OKAY...

I WANT...  
I'D RATHER STAY  
LIKE THIS...



SAVO WAS A  
STRANGE GIRL.



THANKS TO SAO, THE LONG DREARY  
DAYS IN MY LITTLE VILLAGE PASSED  
VERY PLEASANTLY.



THIS PLACE  
IS MY SECRET  
FISHING SPOT  
SINCE I WAS  
JUST A KID.

YOU CAN  
FIND A LOT OF  
ROCK FISH HERE;  
IT'S A PLACE NOBODY  
KNOWS ABOUT  
YET.



I'VE  
NEVER  
BROUGHT  
ANYONE  
HERE.



SO KEEP IT  
TO YOURSELF/  
DON'T TELL  
NOBODY!...

I  
WON'T  
TELL!...

...IT'S A  
PROMISE













IN THE CLEAR BLUE SKY OF SUMMER  
THERE DRIFTS NOT THE SLIGHTEST CLOUD...

IN THE SILENCE OF THE MID-NOON OF SUMMER  
EVEN THE REFLECTIONS OF THE ASPHALT PALE...

THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE SUMMER SKY...  
YES, THERE IS SOMETHING MOVING...



FROM "SONG FOR A SUMMER'S DAY"  
BY CHUYA NAKAMURA

AURÉLIA AURITA

NOW I CAN DIE!



Aurélia Aurita was born in 1980 in the Paris area. Parallel to her studies, she began a career as a cartoonist, publishing her first short stories in *Fluide Glacial*. *Angora*, a short album both sensual and unsettling which appeared in 2001, immediately caught the attention of the critics. Now a Doctor in Pharmacy, Aurélia Aurita is working with the greatest discretion on a new album, *Fraise et Chocolat* (*Strawberry and Chocolate*), an autobiographical comic book, which, it is whispered, is highly erotic and due to appear in 2006.





When I was little, my  
grandmother used to  
sometimes bathe me  
like this.



She put me in a big plastic basin and poured water that had been heated on the stove over me (she thought it was cheaper this way).

That's how she did it, back in Cambodia.

Nowadays, I'm too big to fit in a basin...



And I can drive myself!

...WHEREVER  
I WANT!



For example, up to this little thermal  
spa in Shikoku, nestled between the  
mountain and the sea...



WONDER HOW MANY  
GUYS WOULD DREAM  
OF BEING IN MY  
PLACE, JUST RIGHT NOW?...







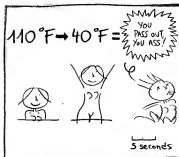






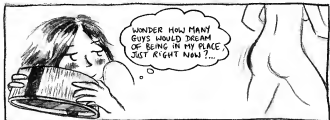








... followed by all those unwarranted  
stares, 30 minutes earlier...



... then I'd also see that time, three  
days before, on the road between  
Matsuyama and Sada misaki?



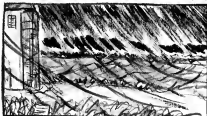




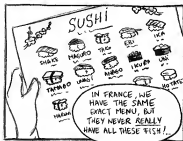




Three days before. My first typhoon,  
which I spent with Takiko.



The day before the typhoon,  
in a sushi bar in Tokushima.



Two days earlier. Between Paris and Tokushima, in a love hotel in Tokyo ...





So, that's it... a 24 year old  
Squirt's life just flies...



aurelia aurita  
04/2005

**FRANÇOIS SCHUITEN & BENOÎT PEETERS**  
**OSAKA 2034**



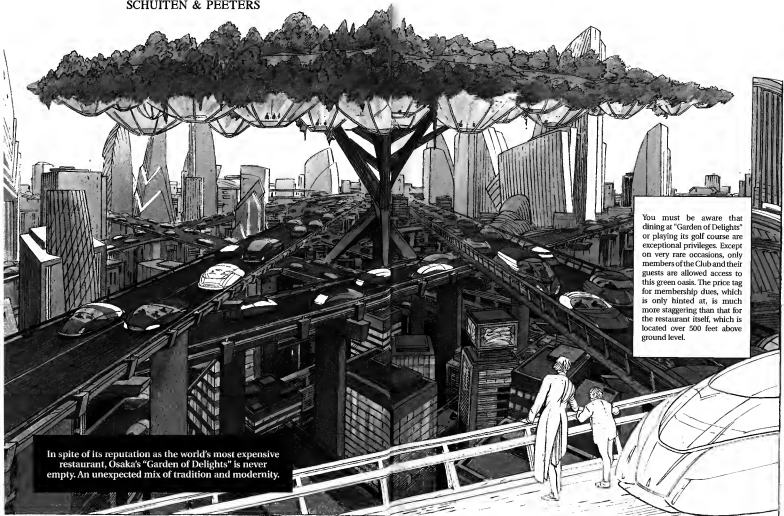
**FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS**

**B**enoît Peeters, theorist and critic, has published a number of essays on Hitchcock, Nadar, Töpffer and Hergé. In comics he has worked together with Frédéric Boilet on *Love Hotel*, *Tokyo is My Garden* and *Demi-Tour*. With François Schuiten, he gave life to the famous *The Obscure Cities* series, which has now been translated into some ten languages. A new serial installment of that seeming universe, *Les Portes du Possible*, was prepublished in spring 2005 in *Le Courrier International* and *Le Soir*. François Schuiten won the Grand Prix of the city of Angoulême in 2002 for the whole of his work.



# IN THE GARDEN OF DELIGHTS

SCHUITEN & PEETERS



In spite of its reputation as the world's most expensive restaurant, Osaka's "Garden of Delights" is never empty. An unexpected mix of tradition and modernity.

You must be aware that dining at "Garden of Delights" or playing its golf course are exceptional privileges. Except on very rare occasions, only members of the Club and their guests are allowed access to this green oasis. The price tag for membership dues, which is only hinted at, is much more staggering than that for the restaurant itself, which is located over 500 feet above ground level.



# An unforgettable experience

What those who are well-acquainted with the place seem to prize the most, is the unobstructed view of Osaka and its never-ending traffic, a spectacle made just that much more agreeable by perfect soundproofing. However, at least to our eyes, the interior of this ryotei (traditional restaurant) is much more interesting. The Zen garden, the hanging aquariums, the intimacy of its private rooms, the beauty of the

kimonos, the graciousness of the hostesses, all converge to make a meal at "Garden of Delights" an unforgettable experience. As for the dishes proposed in its autumn menu, it feels as though we have never before had anything like them: from the tsukidashi to the kabuto-age, the meal was a series of surprises. It seemed like the best hidden assets of Japanese kaiseki cuisine, reserved of yore for the samurai, had been uncovered.



## A 9-hole golf course in the heart of town

What could be more agreeable, for the businessmen and women who make up most of the clientele, than to play golf after a business meal?

True, the course, which is embellished with natural and artificial obstacles, has only 9 holes over 8,000 feet. But thanks to the various exits along the return route, one gets the impression that one

is walking over a genuine 18-hole course.

Magnificently wooded, surprisingly peaceable, "Garden of Delights" melds nature's charms with the benefits of the city. Be careful though with shots that are too long and too powerful! It's out of the question that a ball should fall in the middle of some neighborhood overshadowed by "Garden of Delights" ...

# HONORABLE INSECT!



Below the highway intersections of the capital of the Kansai, in an area that is usually inaccessible, is where a new variety of insect has recently been discovered.

For decades we have known about the remarkable resistance of certain species to insecticides and defoliants, or even to nuclear accidents. These R (as in resilient) organisms have astonished us more than once by their capacity to survive in the most hostile of environments.

However in Osaka, the insect discovered in the rundown neighborhoods is not the result of a simple macromutation, but is in fact a whole new variety. Japanese biologists were immediately very enthusiastic: it's a fact that whereas the disappearance of species is quite common, the appearance of new ones is extremely rare. In spite of difficult working conditions, researchers from several countries have already come to study the insect, and a conference has been dedicated to it.

Proud of the unknown beetle that was discovered there, the city of Osaka has just made it its mascot.

Teams of researchers are working hard day and night.



# Garbageman vs. the yakuas

*Periplaneta nipponica*, which is the beetle's scientific name, is minuscule but surprisingly heavy, and takes after the fly, cockroach and, most of all, the dung beetle. Veritable creature of pollution, "Garbageman", which is what everyone in Osaka calls it, relishes, in fact, in the most toxic waste, playing a role which some unhesitatingly call salubrious, even ecological. From morning to evening it recycles and yet doesn't seem to be a pathogen itself.

Nevertheless, other voices are raised, among scientists, to warn against the creature: *Let us not play at being God. We know nothing of the long term risks which it could hold. What we are certain of, is that it breeds exceptionally fast and is very difficult to eradicate. Its migration towards other continents could prove disastrous.*



Garbageman settles scores with baddies and the corrupt of all species. In Japan where insecurity has become a major problem, the character can look forward to happy days.

(The image reproduced above must of course be read from right to left. © World Sekizumi).

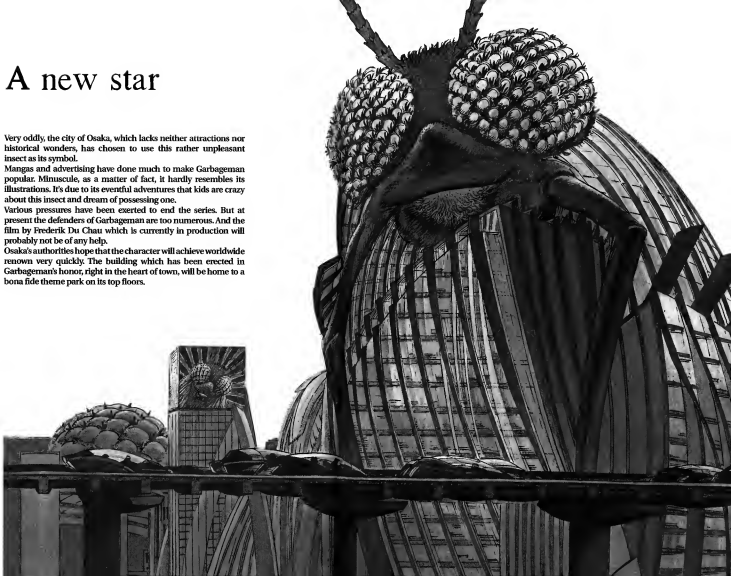
# A new star

Very oddly, the city of Osaka, which lacks neither attractions nor historical wonders, has chosen to use this rather unpleasant insect as its symbol.

Mangas and advertising have done much to make Garbageman popular. Minuscule, as a matter of fact, it hardly resembles its illustrations. It's due to its eventful adventures that kids are crazy about this insect and dream of possessing one.

Various pressures have been exerted to end the series. But at present the defenders of Garbageman are too numerous. And the film by Frederik Du Chau which is currently in production will probably not be of any help.

Osaka's authorities hope that the character will achieve worldwide renown very quickly. The building which has been erected in Garbageman's honor, right in the heart of town, will be home to a bona fide theme park on its top floors.







# EMMANUEL GUIBERT

## SHIN. ICHI



**E**manuel Guibert was born in Paris in 1964. In 1995 he founded the Atelier des Vosges together with his friends Christophe Blain, Frédéric Boilet, Émile Bravo, David B. and Joann Sfar (in *Japan* he tells us the story about the workshop's first years, transposing it to Kyoto in the 1920s). He becomes known in 1997 with *La Fille du professeur* (*The Professor's Daughter*), which has a script by Joann Sfar and was awarded the Alph Art Coup de Coeur prize in Angoulême as well as the René Goscinny award. He continues to narrate deeply human stories such as *La Guerre d'Alan* (*Alan's War*) and *Les Olives Noires* (*Black Olives*). His latest album, *Le Photographe* (*The Photographer*) combines his drawings with photography by Didier Lefèvre and was awarded the Canal BD prize by specialist bookstores in 2004 and the France Info prize in 2005.



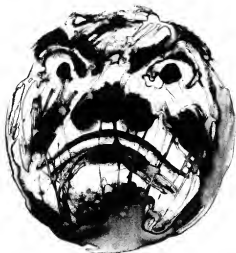
# Shin.Ichi

*Emmanuel Guibert*

Layout by :  
Frédéric Lemerrier

I slid open the door to Muromachi's little studio where six low tables were lined up, one of which was mine. Chaos reigned, the place was a mess, totally at odds with my idea of what a workplace should be like. Ryusuke, stripped to the waist and wearing a pair of baggy workman's trousers, welcomed me with a wisecrack that made me blush. Hualong mindlessly plucked over and over at the same string of his shamisen. Over in a corner of the room, on a clumsy stove, Hidea was stirring a gruel of seaweed and black mushrooms which stank of urine. Kin and Shin-Ichi were arguing over a baseball game like two herons over fishing on Lake Biwa, because, although they agreed to love the game, they could never agree on the players. The racket that shook that den would have scared away the God Raijin, but I entered.





Hidea, who was the only one I knew at the time, suggested a game of e-awasa in my honor, a game of poem-painting. He proclaimed the subject: horses. In a jiffy, the roar of laughter and talking subsided and I saw them all become totally engrossed, as they leant over their washi paper. I had to judge. On each of the five tables was displayed a horse that was not a horse, but a powerful and unique tag.

Hualong's horse, skittishly depicted, had a man's body from which an enarmous penis stuck out. Ryusuke's horse seemed to burst forth from the primitive paddocks of a Chinese painting. Hidea's had all the black gleam of calligraphy. Kin's laughed, showing all his teeth as he tased his rider : a flute-playing skeleton. Shin.ichi's, mirroring the first of the troop, showed a woman's behind opened wide. In turn, I took up a fude(\*), dipped it in ink and drew, trance-like, a horse I had seen the day before in an alley in Nakagya-ku, rubbing its eczemataus flank against a wall.



\* a small, animal-haired brush



I was forgiven for my judgment. The horses were hung from a string that ran under the roof beams of the studio, mine along with the rest. I had picked my companions, my companions had picked me.

Soon after my arrival in Muromachi, we had the opportunity to move our workshop gods west of Nijo palace, to larger and better lit premises. We called the place "Rossignol Studio", in allusion to the loose wooden floor planks at the shogun's palace that screeched whenever stepped on. We were happy there. I became a schoolboy again, learning to forget my self-consciousness, to be giddy, absolute bliss.

When we rode our bicycles side by side down Shijo-dori, leaving behind us in the sunset our paper rolls covered in drawings and signs, we were in good spirits. When, through the tears in our eyes caused by our speed and the evening wind, the lanterns of Gion shimmered in front of us, we barked out unconnected words and felt happy. When we pulled the prank of the fake polonquin with a big pike, from which Kin, with white face, penciled eyebrows and pointed red lips, clapped cymbals and hurled abuse at the crowd, we were almost delirious with delight. And when winter would isolate a couple of us together in the humid studio, to complain about the fickleness of some woman, groaning in fits of distress, I now know how carefree we were.







Shin.Ichi's accent was that of the Fukui Mountains where he was born. He shared his passion for baseball with Kin, but it was more of an obsession with him, as he never played. More obsessive too was his love of France, not limited to Jules Verne, but extending to anything that came from that country provided the fragrance of Frenchwomen was involved. Shin.Ichi had met his first Frenchwoman at the impressionable age of 11. She was 22 and used this gap in age as an excuse to hoist the boy onto her lap. The contact with those knees that were pink and silky like boiled ginger caused Shin.Ichi to start oozing bodily fluids, all at once, perspiration, tears, an evanescent drop of sperm - which, he said, traversed his young member like a saya sprout in a bamboo blowpipe - and even a little blood, when he dug his nails into his palms. I can say of my friends, in praise not censure, that they were compasses whose virile member was the needle. A needle that was always restless but never frantic. From that day on, Shin.Ichi's painted west.

When I met him, he wrote and drew erotic stories in the style of Kaburaki Kiyakata's wash drawings. What made them such a notorious success, was that instead of the good master's courtesans, one saw Frenchwomen having intercourse with a Japanese man, who was none other than Shin.ichi. To capture with pen and ink the enigmatic allure of western women, Shin.ichi was inspired by photos and catalogues which were given to him by a French engineer who was interested in railroad development in Kansai and whom he had met in the red-light district of Shimabara.

I loved Shin.ichi, because he didn't know half measures.





It so happened that in the second half of Taisho a poet-diplomat named Claudel was sent to Japan as the French ambassador. This Claudel fell in love with our town. At that time, Shin.Ichi was associating with another French man, a geographer, who had taken the initiative to create a sort of summer school on Mount Hiei. Shin.Ichi, who lusted after the geographer's wife, attended his classes assiduously. Claudel San exerted his influence so that this summer school become a veritable Franco-Japanese institution. This project excited Shin.Ichi to the point of obsession. There is a little story that tells how he spoke with a rich merchant from Kobe - to whom he supplied shunga(\*) prints - to persuade him to provide funds for the enterprise. An opportune wave of Francophilia washed over the Osaka Chamber of Commerce and Industry, whose president had travelled to France when he was young. In short, the funds poured in and the institute saw the light of day.

It was a two-story wood building on the hillside of Kujayama. Shin.Ichi dragged Hualong, Kin and me to the official inauguration, where we drank champagne for the first time. I went back several times, whenever there was same party, always urged on by Shin.Ichi. I can see us, leaving these parties and taking the narrow road that snakes down towards the lights of Awataguchi, mindful of the rustling of the wild bears in the night.



At Kujoyomo villo two young lecturers from France, Fournier Son and Hons Son, bent over our work. One of them was a lover of music and Chinese culture, while the other, for whom it had been a subject of his studies, made me read a book by the writer Balzac. I forget the title, but I do remember well the theme: an old father who loves his daughters to death. They offered to try to translate into French a collective piece of work that the Rossignol studio was busy working on; a sort of traditional sago-novel with prints, an Edo patchwork.

This idea seemed to us to be so extrovogont as to be worth encouraging. They settled down to work, with indefotigoble help from Shin.Ichi. I have to say that for Shin.Ichi, any excuse to go to Kujoyomo was good, as he hankered for Morie Son, the institute's young librorion.



I will never forget that day in July, the overwhelming mugginess, when I was trying to draw while fanning myself with an old fan of my master Rosho. Ryusuke and I were alone in the Rossignol studio. Overcome by the heat, Ryusuke was stretched out on a tatami and slept, as he used to, with eyes half-closed. The door of the studio slid open without causing the slightest breeze, Shin'ichi appeared, transformed.

- I am leaving for France.

My heart sank to my feet, and was broken.



We did not accompany Shin.Ichi to the port of Osoko to provide him with an Honor Guard, because Shin.Ichi was not leaving, he was running away. I forgot to mention, but Shin.Ichi had made a marriage of convenience at the age of 21. Stronger as it must sound, we, his closest friends, never met his wife as long as Shin.Ichi remained in Japan. Even the most transparent of friendships can conceal a dark side. Shin.Ichi never alluded to his wife and they never had children. To us, he was freeing himself from a ghost.



We shored our last meal at O.Ichi in the Rakubanchō quarter, around a pot of turtle soup, rice and vegetables. We had asked for lots of alcohol in the soup and on top of that we drank a lot. I noticed the drinking was not affecting my lucidity so I pretended to be drunk. At the bottom of my heart I was devastated. Nothing was said that evening. Just as we were leaving, Kin had another argument with Shin.Ichi about baseball. With Kin swearing at him, Shin.Ichi moved away and disappeared around a corner. "Why is he leaving, that idiot?" Kin repeated several times, shedding tears.





A short time after that, Huolong, Hideo and Kin gave up their places at the Rassignol studio. Ryusuke and I stayed there for a while longer, without really knowing why. Then something strange happened one rainy day at the beginning of autumn. I, who never in my life have slept during the day, overcome with exhaustion, had drifted off to sleep. Ryusuke was reading, so we were more or less in the same situation as on the day that Shin.Ichi had announced he was leaving. When I awoke, Ryusuke told me that a small woman with an impassive face had knocked at the door asking to see the place where we worked. Ryusuke had invited her in. She declined tea and was satisfied to just look around. Then she thanked him, apologized for inconveniencing him, put her tokogeto back on, opened her umbrella and disappeared. As if it was obvious, I said to Ryusuke: "You have met Shin.Ichi's wife or lost."



I possess a little scroll that I cherish, which I remember having saved from the flames one day as we were vacuum cleaning the studio, which we sometimes did. On this scroll, each one of us had drawn something. Under what circumstances? I no longer know. On the other hand, I know very well why I saved this scroll. Just as I was throwing it into the fire, the drawings moved, begging me to spare them. I felt this movement and held back my hand. It is a good thing that I've forgotten the date the drawings were made. All in all, that day doesn't exist. They have just been done. They continue to be done. But I've learnt one thing. To preserve their movement, I can only glance at them fleetingly, as if I was about to throw them in the fire. If my look lingers, they become frozen and the white space around them begins to glow.





# NICOLAS DE CRÉCY

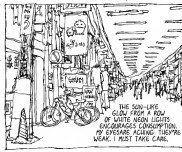
## THE NEW GODS



Nicolas de Crécy was born in 1966 in Lyon. After studying comic art at the School of Fine Arts in Angoulême, in 1991 he published *Foligatto*, based on a script by Alexio Tjoyas, and in 1994, he published *Le Bibendum Céleste*, both of which immediately established him, both in France and worldwide, as one of the finest illustrators working in Franco-Belgian comic art. For the *Léon la came* (*Leon-the-Junky*) trilogy - with script by Sylvain Chomet - he was awarded the 1995 Grand Prix by the city of Sierre and in 1998 the Alph Art Award for the best album at the Angoulême Festival. In April 2005, Nicolas de Crécy published the album *New-York-sur-Loire*.









I AM MOVED BY THE EXPRESSION OF HIS EYES, A SORT OF CALM EMANATES FROM THEM, BUT IT IS A POWERFUL, ALMOST LANGUOROUS CALM.



THE NEON LIGHTS BOTHER ME. I GO BACK TO MY HOTEL TO RECOVERATE FROM MY JET LAG AND TO GET OUT OF THE RAIN WHICH STARTS TO FALL STEADILY, AND THE WIND I CAN'T STAND THE WIND.

I AM TOO LIGHT.



ON THE TV THEY SAY THERE'S GOING TO BE A TYPHOON TOMORROW. I'M A BIT WORRIED.

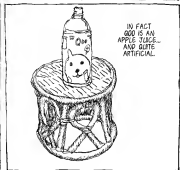
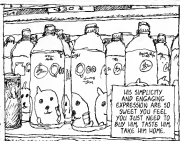
I HOPE MY MANAGER'S PLANE WON'T BE DELAYED OR DETOURED TO TOKYO.

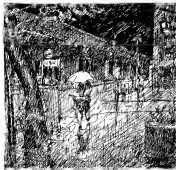
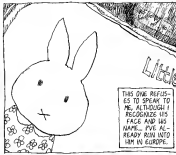
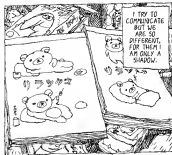
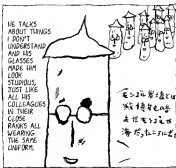


I USED TO GO OUT, THOUGH, AND GET AN IDEA ABOUT THAT WHICH I CAME LOOKING FOR HERE. UMBRELLAS ARE CHEAP, A SIGN THAT SHOWERS ARE COMMON MAY AS WELL GET USED TO THEM.







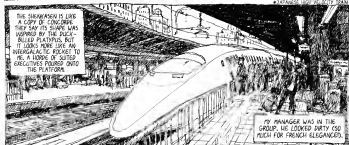




NEXT DAY  
THE SKY IS  
CLEAR. I  
GOT A CALL  
FROM MY  
MANAGER  
WHO HAD  
ARRIVED VIA  
TOKYO.



WE INSISTED  
ON TAK-  
ING THE  
SHENKASEN\*  
FOR THE VIEW  
YOU GET  
FROM IT ON  
A CLEAR DAY  
OF MOUNT  
FUJI.



THE SHINKASEN IS LIKE  
A COPY OF CONCORDE.  
THEY SAY ITS SHAPE WAS  
INSPIRED BY THE DUCK-  
BILLED PLATYPUS, BUT  
IT LOOKS MORE LIKE AN  
INTERGALACTIC ROCKET TO  
ME. A HORDE OF SUITED  
EXECUTIVES POURED ONTO  
THE PLATFORM.

MY MANAGER WAS IN THE  
GROUP. HE LOOKED DIRTY (SO  
MUCH FOR FRENCH ELEGANCE).



HA! I DIDN'T  
RECOGNIZE  
YOU, DUDE.  
YOU'VE  
CHANGED!  
YOUR SHAPE  
IS CLEARER.

HAVE YOU  
ALREADY  
GOT AN  
ACCENT? HA HA!  
SO? SEEN  
ANYTHING  
NICE?



HANG ON. IT'S  
BEEN TWO HOURS  
SINCE I'VE HAD  
A SMOKE. IT WAS  
GREAT. THERE  
WERE CIGARETTE  
MACHINES ON  
THE TRAIN.

CAN YOU IMAGINE  
THAT ON THE  
TRAIN BACK  
HOMESAY THAT  
FEELS GOOD—  
WHAT'S MORE, THE  
PACKS ARE MUCH  
MORE ATTRACTIVE  
HERE.



"HOPE"...IT'S SO MUCH MORE CHARMING THAN "SMOKING KILLS", ISN'T IT?... BESIDES, THE GRAPHICS ARE SUPERB. KEEP IT IN MIND, YOU NEVER KNOW...



I KNOW THAT LUCKY STRIKE IS LOOKING TO REVAMP THEIR IMAGE.

DO YOU KNOW HOW THIS WORKS TO BUY SUBWAY TICKETS? MAYBE WE'D BETTER GO TO THE TICKET OFFICE, GUY



WE'RE GOING TO HIT THE SHOPS, PAL. IT'S NOT LIKE THERE AREN'T ANY...

YOU'RE GONNA BE ABLE GET AN EYE-FUL AND SO WILL I WHILE WE'RE AT IT.

YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME A BENCHMARK IN GRAPHIC DESIGN. BELIEVE ME.



HEY, SEE THOSE TWO OVER THERE? FOR THE WORLD EXPO 2005, "EXPOSITION OF GLOBAL HARMONY."



TWO HAPPY TREES. WHAT FREE SPIRITS!

IT WON'T BE OUR POOR COCK FROM THE WORLD COP 98 WHOSE GOING TO STEAL THE SPOTLIGHT FROM 'EM. ANYWAY WHO REMEMBER?

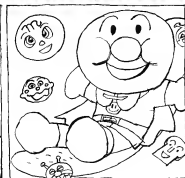


HANG ON! DON'T MOVE, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR PICTURE, YOUR LINES ARE SO VIGNE... YOU'LL SEE.

NO...

NO, PLEASE.

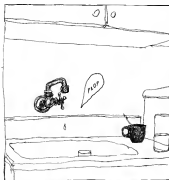














HE EVEN PUTS  
HIS GLASSES  
BACK ON A  
SIGN THAT  
HE'S GIVEN  
UP THE HUNT.  
NAGOVA LOOKS  
LIKE AN  
IMPENSE LYUNA  
PARK.



HE'S LOST. I FIND  
HIM, STUPEFIED,  
IN A PACHINKO  
PARLOR, EYING  
THE BALLS.  
NOTHING IN  
HIS HEAD AND  
DRINK STANDS  
ON HIS SHIRT.

HE DOESN'T  
LOOK VERY  
GOOD ANY  
MORE. USU-  
ALLY PEOPLE  
WHO ARE  
DRUNK HERE  
WEAR SUITS,  
DRUNK AND  
FLAWLESS.



IT SEEMS TO ME  
THE EVENING  
NO LONGER  
HELDS ANY  
ETHNOLOGI-  
CAL INTER-  
EST, AND THE  
NOISE GETS ON  
MY NERVES. I  
RETURN TO THE  
HOTEL AND GO  
STRAIGHT TO  
SLEEP.



A STRANGE  
VISION APPEARS  
TO ME IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE  
NIGHT. IT'S A  
NEW CHARAC-  
TER. HE SEEMS  
TO BE CALLING  
OUT TO ME.  
HE'S TOTALLY  
DIFFERENT  
FROM THE  
OTHERS. IS HE  
A GOD?

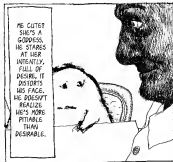


I WAKE UP  
WITH A JUMP  
WHEN MY MAN-  
AGER COMES  
BACK AT DAWN.  
HE REEKS OF  
ALCOHOL. ON  
THE OTHER  
HAND, THERE'S  
LITTLE OF  
THE GOD LEFT  
ABOUT HIM,  
EVEN THOUGH  
I HAD ADMIR-  
ED HIM ENORMOUS-  
LY NOT THAT  
LONG AGO.



I FALL BACK  
INTO A DEEP  
SLEEP, ROCKED  
BY MY MANAGER'S  
SNORING. SOME  
DEM-GODS COME  
TO DANCE IN  
TIME WITH THE  
NAGAL RHYTHMS.  
ALL THIS IS VERY  
RESTFUL.







DON'T PAY  
ANY ATTEN-  
TION TO HIM.  
HE'S YOUNG...  
HE'S  
STILL SO  
AWK-  
WARD.



THE NERVE, HE'S  
PUTTING ME  
DOWN TO MAKE  
HIMSELF LOOK  
BETTER, AND  
HE'S TAKING  
ADVANTAGE TO  
TOUCH HER HAND.  
HE'S NOT AFRAID  
OF ANYTHING. HE  
EVEN TRIES THE  
SEM-CYNICAL,  
WHIPPED-PUPPY  
LOOK. THAT'S  
HOW HE WOODED  
HIS WIFE AND  
NOW HE'S AT IT  
AGAIN.

DING



HELLO.



BORIS.

BORIS IS MY  
HUSBAND. HE'S  
FRENCH AND  
HE'S GLAD TO  
SEE YOU.

GOOD  
MOR-  
NING,  
SR.

SR., PLEASED  
TO MEET YOU



FOILED AGAIN!  
I TAKE GREAT  
PLEASURE IN  
WATCHING MY  
MANAGER'S  
FACE. THOUGH  
AT THE SAME  
TIME I'M A LITTLE  
AFRAID OF THIS  
HUMONGOUS  
MORMON.

HE PUTS HIS HAND ON  
MY MANAGER'S SHOULDER,  
WITHOUT SAYING A WORD.  
IT'S WEIRD, LIKE HE UNDER-  
STOOD HIS LITTLE GAME AND  
WAS GIVING HIM ABSOLUTION.



YOU'LL COME TO  
LUNCH WITH US,  
WON'T YOU?

INFORMAL.

UM,  
WE'RE  
TIRED...  
JET LAG,  
CULTURE  
SHOCK,  
ALL  
THAT...

COME ON...WE'LL  
BE UPSET IF YOU  
DON'T. THERE IS  
AN EXCELLENT  
RESTAURANT JUST  
10 MINUTES FROM  
HERE.





IT'S A VERY LARGE PROJECT. IF THIS LITTLE GUY WORKS OUT, WE'LL BE SEEN ALL OVER THE WORLD. MY IDEA IS FOR HIM TO HAVE THE SHAPE OF A FRIENDLY BEFFEL TOWER IN SHORTS.

NOW THAT IS A LOT LESS AP-PEALING. I'M NOT REALLY INTO IT.



HE ASKS ME TO GIVE A DEMONSTRATION.

I HATE MAKING A SPEC-TACLE OF MYSELF, BUT EVERYONE INSISTED.



THAT'S WEIRD.

HEE HEE HEE HEE!

IT OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T CONVINCE ANYONE.



THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DEFINITELY MUST SEE...IT REALLY DOES CONCERN YOU, COME ON!

OH... YEAH.

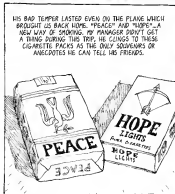
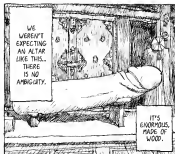


ONE HOUR BY SUBWAY. BORIS IS QUIET AS A GRAVE AND I CAN FEEL THAT MY MANAGER IS ILL AT EASE.



WE COME TO A TEMPLE. THE TAGATA TEMPLE. A SPIRITUAL INTERLUDE WON'T HARM ANYONE.





# TAIYO MATSUMOTO

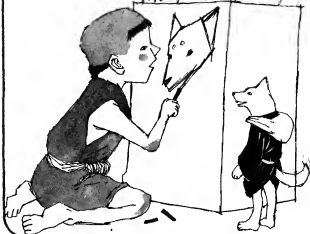
## KANKICHI



Taiyo Matsumoto was born in 1967 in Tokyo. Precocious, he made his debut as a manga artist at the age of 19. Following the publication of his first story, *Straight*, in two volumes in 1988 and 1989, he covered the Paris-Dakar rally as a graphic reporter for the comic magazine *Morning*. Though influenced by Franco-Belgian comic artists, especially Moebius, Taiyo Matsumoto has created his own personal graphic style. *Black and White*, *Ping-Pong* and most recently, *Number Five*, have garnered him fan and critical acclaim worldwide.



Kankichi was born  
into a family of  
fishermen but he  
never helped in  
any of the others'  
tasks; he spent  
all day alone,  
busy drawing.



Even when he  
was 4 years  
old he hardly  
ever spoke.

Yum, that  
scorpion  
fish looks  
scrumptious!

A very cold wind  
blows in from  
the sea...



Kankichi's family was worried about what he would do when he grew up; they were forever chiding him but Kankichi just smiled back, silent.

All Kankichi wanted to do was draw.



From morning  
to night and  
from night  
till morning,  
he drew  
everywhere  
he could...

...and angered the  
villagers no end.



Then one day, he disappeared from home; he got along by begging for his food and taking shelter in temples to sleep.

Children made fun of him. Hey, Kann...-canker, Kanncanker!, they shouted as they threw stones at him.

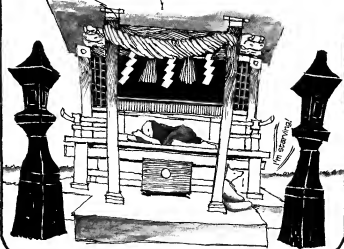
Kanncanker!

Get lost!

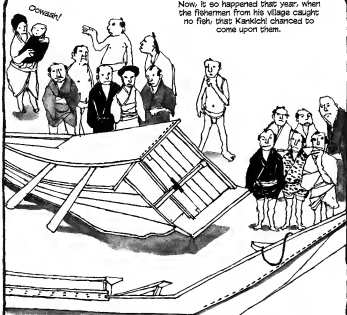


Kankichi had no friends;  
his only companion was a  
white dog who stayed by  
his side day and night.

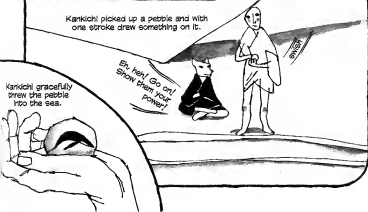
The dog  
had rather  
a quick  
temper but  
Kankichi  
himself was  
always  
smiling.



Now, it so happened that year, when the fishermen from his village caught no fish, that Kankichi chanced to come upon them.



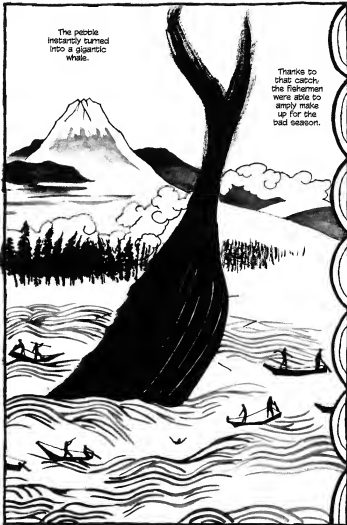
Kankichi picked up a pebble and with one stroke drew something on it.



Kankichi gracefully threw the pebble into the sea.

The pebble  
instantly turned  
into a gigantic  
whale.

Thanks to  
that catch,  
the fishermen  
were able to  
amplify make  
up for the  
bad season.



From then on,  
Kankichi was treated  
with the greatest  
respect. He became  
"Mister Kankichi".

The village headman  
made him a gift of  
a beautiful home where  
he lived with his dog.

おかしな村の頭目さん  
から 大きなお宅を  
あげて 先生は 先生  
様と 呼ばれ ました



Kankichi's works became more and more valued; admirers from afar came especially to purchase them.



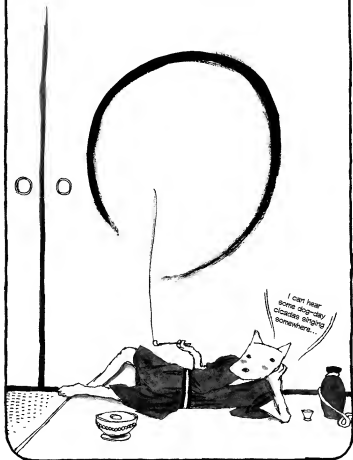
Nevertheless Kankichi changed nothing about his simple way of life; he drew and he smiled, that's all.

Two years went by in this manner and, one day, Kankichi began to draw a circle on the paper of the sliding screens...



...and with a leap and a bound he passed through and was gone.

No one ever saw Karkichi again.  
The short-tempered white dog died at  
sunset one summer three years later.



JOANN SFAR

## WALTEROO'S TOKYO



**B**orn in 1971 in Nice, Joann Sfar is quite capable of teaching an old dog new tricks. The spontaneity of his stories belies their total coherence. Be it his daring *The Rabbi's Cat*, his gentle *Vampire* or impressive *Carnets (Notebooks)*, he possesses a false simplicity which allows him to broach all sorts of subjects, even the most serious. Winner of many awards, the most emblematic writer of his generation, Joann Sfar makes the reader think without imposing any point of view, except maybe tolerance





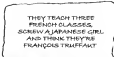
I HAVE A FRENCH FRIEND WHO LIVES IN TOKYO : WALTEROO.  
HIS VIEW OF THE CITY HE LIVES IN IS SO PERSONAL,  
IT'S MORE POETIC TO LET HIM SPEAK FOR HIMSELF.

1. TOKYO ACCORDING TO WALTEROO

WALTEROO'S WIFE IS CALLED YUKA.  
THEY MET IN PARIS, WHERE YUKA  
LIVED FOR THREE YEARS. IN  
SPITE OF THE TIME SHE SPENT  
IN FRANCE, YUKA DOESN'T SPEAK  
OUR LANGUAGE. FOR THE LAST  
THREE YEARS, WALTEROO AND YUKA  
HAVE LIVED IN TOKYO. WALTEROO  
DOESN'T WANT TO LEARN JAPANESE



A) THE DICKS FROM THE FRENCH INSTITUTE, ACCORDING TO WALTEROO



IN FACT,  
THEY'RE  
JUST LOWLY  
GEEKS.



THEY  
FANTASIZE  
ABOUT JAPAN.



THEY THINK  
THEY'RE IN  
BLADE RUNNER.  
THEY MAKE  
BELIEVE.



AND JAPAN IS  
NORMAL. IT'S AN  
ADVENTURE WITH  
NO DANGERS.



ESPECIALLY,  
HERE, IT'S THE  
GIRLS WHO  
HIT ON GUYS.



SO JUST IMAGINE  
HOW MUCH EASIER  
LIFE IS, FOR THESE  
VIRGIN NEERDS.



HERE, YOU'RE  
NOT GOING TO  
GET BEAT UP  
ON BY A RIVAL.  
NOR GIVEN THE  
HEAVE-HO.



A GEEKS'  
PARADISE.



THEN, ONCE  
THEY'VE  
SCREWED,  
THE MAIN  
ACTIVITY OF  
THESE GUYS  
IS TO SPEAK  
BETTER JAPANESE  
THAN ALL THE  
OTHER NEERDS.



HA, HA!  
ME, WHEN  
I TELL THEM  
I DON'T SPEAK  
THE LINGO,  
IT MAKES 'EM  
UNEASY.



THEN YOU  
FIND OUT  
THEY'RE  
FREAKY  
MANGA  
FANS.



WHEN YOU ASK THEM  
WHAT THEY EXPECT  
TO DO ONCE THEIR  
CONTRACT'S UP, THEY  
ALL TELL YOU "WELL,  
ANIME OR MANGA."



AND THOSE  
JERKS, THEY  
CREATE JAPANESE  
SEX MANGA AND  
THE JAPS, THEY GET  
A KICK OUT OF IT.



IF THEY TRIED TO  
SELL THEMSELVES  
AS FRENCH, IT MIGHT  
WORK, BUT THEY'RE  
TOO DUMB FOR  
THAT.



THEY FANTASIZE  
ABOUT BEING  
JAPANESE.



B) THE JAPANESE WHO FANTASIZE ABOUT BEING BLACK



YUP, IN FACT THERE ARE A FEW AMERICAN SOLDIERS, BUT MOST OF ALL THERE ARE THESE FAT RAPPERS WHO SELL THESE DICKS THINGS: SOON AS THEY SEE A JAP IN STREETWEAR, THEY GO UP HIM AND SAY, "YO, MAN! GIVE ME FIVE", AND THE JAP CAN HARDLY CONTAIN HIMSELF HE IMAGINES HE'S BUDDIES WITH A GENUINE AMERICAN HIP HOPPER.

BUT, TRUTH IS, THE BLACK'S AN AFRICAN AND HE'S JUST THERE TO SELL 'EM THREADS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW EASY IT IS TO BAMBOOZLE THESE JAPS



YOU HEAR THESE CATS, THEY TALK IN ENGLISH FOR 'BOUT TWO MINUTES AND THEN, NEXT THING YOU KNOW THEY'RE JABBERING AWAY IN WOLOF!

AND THE DICKS ARE HAPPY 'CAUSE THEY THINK THEY'VE JUST BOUGHT SOME AMERICAN GARS.

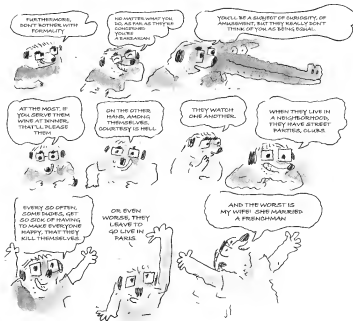
WHEN IN FACT THEIR THREADS ARE JUST COMES FROM DAKAR.



### C) PROMOTING MALE HOMOSEXUALITY (IN TOKYO SUBWAY)



### D) SUBTLETIES OF NIPPONESE ETIQUETTE



E) ON SUNDAYS, THERE ARE YOUNG GIRLS WHO DRESS GOTHIC  
(AND HANG OUT ON BRIDGES)



PERSONAL OBSERVATION: WHEN YOU GO TO THE RESTROOM IN JAPAN, IT'S RATHER LIKE WHEN YOU GO IN FRANCE.

EXCEPT  
NOTHING  
HAPPENS!



NATURAL DISASTERS: THE DAY  
WE ARRIVED, 80 PEOPLE DIED AFTER  
A TYPHOON. TWO DAYS LATER,  
TWO EARTHQUAKES CAUSED 3  
CASUALTIES\*, THE FIRST DEATHS  
IN A SHAKE SINCE KOBE.

SHIT! IT'S  
VIBRATING!

THEY MUST'VE  
BUILT THE FRENCH  
INSTITUTE OVER  
A SUBWAY LINE.



I HADN'T  
REALIZED IT WAS  
AN EARTHQUAKE.



NOT HAVING THAT,  
I BOUGHT THIS  
SHIT...

...AND THAT SHIT.



ONE OF THEM MUST BE THE GOOD  
GUY AND THE OTHER MUST BE THE  
BAD GUY, BUT IT'S HARD  
TO TELL.

TSSS...  
NORTH AFRICA,  
MARRUECA

ASIA,  
CONSTRATION



\*AS A MATTER OF FACT, THE NEXT  
DAY I HEARD THERE WERE MANY MORE  
DEATHS AS THE GROUND HAD OPENED  
UP JUST AS A TRAIN WAS PASSING  
AND SWALLOWED IT UP.





# THE PACHINKO PARLOR



## WORK



## THE WEALTHY



WHAT THAT GUY WANTS IS TO PRETEND HE'S MADE IT. SO HE PICKS UP A BEAUTIFUL CHICK AND TAKES HER TO A LOVE HOTEL, BUT I'M TELLING YOU, HE PROBABLY LIVES IN A CUBBYHOLE.

THE LOAN COMPANIES HERE ARE TOTALLY SEPARATE FROM THE BANKS. THEY'RE SHARKS! THEY'LL LEND YOU WHATEVER YOU WANT.

BUT IF YOU DON'T PAY, THEY HAND YOU OVER TO THE YAKUZA, AND THEN, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, YOU'RE IN TROUBLE.

# THE YAKUZA

NOW, SEE, THAT'S TYPICAL.

LOVE.

WE'RE IN THE ONLY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD WHERE GANGSTERS DRESS LIKE GANGSTERS SO EVERYONE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT THEIR JOB IS.



SEE HMM, HE'S A YAKUZA SO HE DRESSES LIKE A YAKUZA, MAKES SENSE.

BUT, ARE THEY FOR REAL, THE YAKUZA? DO THEY REALLY KILL PEOPLE AND ALL THAT?

ABSOLUTELY!

THERE'S HARDLY ANY CRIME HERE BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ORGANIZED RACKETEERING, WATCH OUT! THOSE GUYS WILL KICK EACH OTHER DOWN IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. SOMETIMES THERE ARE FREAKING SHOOT OUTS IN RESTAURANTS AND ALL THAT.

BANG BANG! PEW!

IN FACT, THE MOVIES ARE INSPIRED BY THEM AND THEY ARE INSPIRED BY THE MOVIES. NOT LONG AGO THERE WERE EVEN TWO WHO BLASTED EACH OTHER AWAY WITH GUN SWORDS!

SHIT, HURRAH FOR THE INSTIGATE! THEY INVITE ME TO SPEND FIFTEEN DAYS AND THEY WON'T WASH MY T-SHIRTS. THE SHIRTS, YES, BUT NOT MY T-SHIRTS. YOU UNDERSTAND EM?

DON'T WORRY, GIVE THEM TO ME

YUKA KNOWS WHERE THEY CAN GET WASHED

YOU'RE TOTALLY LOST WITHOUT YUKA, AREN'T YOU?

YEAH

FOR THE PAST SEVEN YEARS, WE PROBABLY HAVEN'T BEEN AWAY FROM EACH OTHER FOR MORE THAN THREE HOURS IN A ROW.

COOL. HOW'D YOU MEET?

IT WAS WHEN I STILL HAD MY TOY STORE. I WAS LIVING WITH A BLONDE WHO WAS TOTALLY NIKTS HER EX-BOYFRIEND WAS A KUNG-FU TEACHER. A CHINESE GUY CALLED MAURICE, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

SO, THIS GUY, HE'D HUNKER DOWN OUTSIDE THE DOOR AND SAY, "I HEAR LOVEMAKING NOISES". OR BLSS HE'D SAY, "IN HOME, THERE IS FELLOW. IF FELLOW COMES BACK, I KILL FELLOW".

AND 'FELLOW', THAT WAS ME! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU FREAK OUT.

AND YUKA?

WAIT...

YUKA, THE FIRST TIME I SAW HER WAS AT A COMICS CONVENTION. I OWED THIS GUY SOME MONEY SO HE HELPED HIM OUT ON HIS STAND.

YUKA CAME ON TO THE STAND. SHE WAS WITH A MANGA REPORTER, A REAL ASS.

WOAH! SO THEN YOU HUNG HERE...

OH NO! I DID NOTHING AT ALL.

I WAS REALLY LAD  
BACK AND ONE DAY SHE  
CALLS ME AND SAYS,  
"WOULD YOU LIKE TO  
COME TO THE MOVIES  
WITH ME?" SO, I WENT.



THREE DAYS  
LATER SHE CALLS  
AND SAYS, "CAN  
I COME OVER  
TO YOUR  
PLACE?"



ME, I DIDN'T SAY NO  
SO THERE I FOUND MYSELF  
WITH A JAPANESE WOMAN  
AT HOME



AND I REALIZED  
THAT WE GOT  
ALONG WELL.



SINCE WE NEVER DO  
ANYTHING WITHOUT  
ONE ANOTHER.



COOL



HOWEVER, IT'S TRUE  
THAT AS SOON AS SHE'S  
GONE, I'M LIKE TOTALLY  
LOST.



NO, 'CAUSE SHE'S  
ALWAYS THERE.



I'VE GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT EVERY TIME I ASK A JAPANESE SOMETHING THEY BECOME PARALYZED WITH DREAD.

YEH, THEY'RE FEARFUL.



I HAVE THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY MAKE A HUGE EFFORT WHEN THEY SPEAK TO ME. I'VE GOT THE IMPRESSION THAT ALTHOUGH THEY'RE EXTREMELY POLITE, THEY ONLY WANT ONE THING, AND THAT'S FOR ME TO DISAPPEAR.

YEAH, THAT'S IT. THEY FEEL OBLIGED TO HELP BUT IT TERRIFIES THEM.



BESIDES, YOU PROBABLY ASK THEM VERY COMPLICATED THINGS, LIKE DIRECTIONS.

YES. I HAVE THE IMPRESSION THAT EVERY TIME I TAKE OUT MY MAP, IT CAUSES AN ANGST ATTACK.



GEE, I WOULD NEVER DARE PUBLISH A REMARK LIKE THAT BUT ASIDE FROM THE FACT THAT THEY'RE VERY CLEVER WHEN IT COMES TO MATTERS OF THE SPORT, THEY'RE AWFULLY KLUTZLY WHEN THEY HAVE TO DEAL WITH ORDINARY THINGS, AREN'T THEY?

ABSOLUTELY. THEIR GIANT'S WINGS HINDER THEM FROM WALKING.



IF YOU GET A BUNCH OF FIVE OF THEM TO WORK ON SOMETHING, THEY MANAGE. BUT IF YOU TURN JUST ONE OUT ALL ALONE INTO UNKNOWN TERRITORY, HE JUST CROAKS.



I FEEL GOOD. I'VE FINALLY FOUND A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE ARE EVEN LESS SMART THAN I AM.



Joan Spar

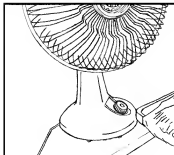
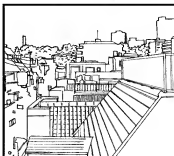
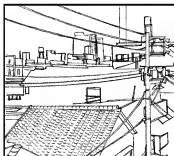
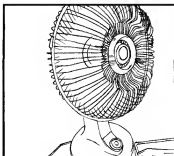
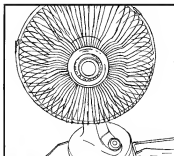
# LITTLE FISH

## THE SUNFLOWER

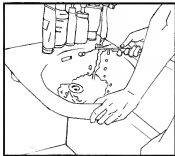
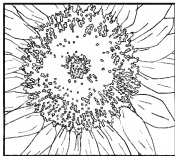


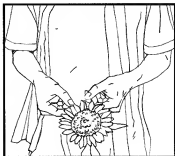
**L**ittle Fish was born in 1972 in Tokyo. His first short stories were published in the underground magazine *Garo* between 1995 and 1997. Then, for a time, he thought about quitting comics. After reading *Comix 2000*, the anthology published by I Association, he changed his mind. In 2002 he launched his own magazine, *Spore*, and the following year he joined in the Nouvelle Manga initiative. In France in 2004 he published *Bubble Illusion* in *Bang!* Little Fish is currently working on a new project, together with the French photographer Charles Fréger.

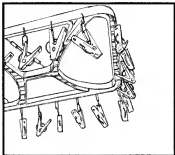
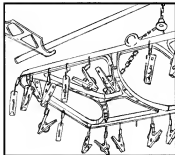


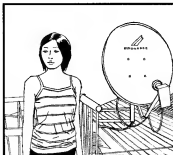
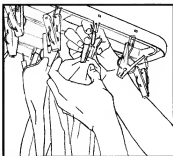
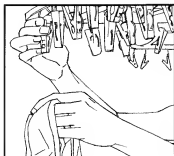


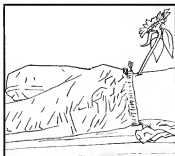
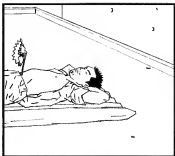
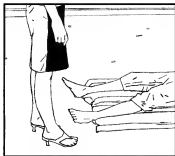




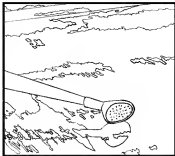
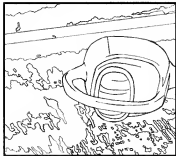
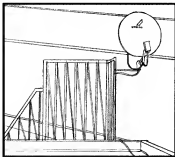
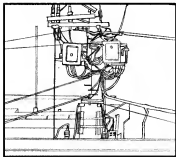


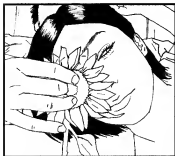




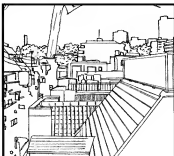
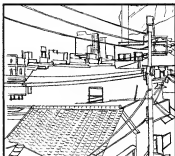












**MOYOKO ANNO**

***THE SONG OF THE CRICKETS***



**B**orn in 1971 in Tokyo, Moyoko Anno began her career as a cartoonist while in high school, enthusiastically taking in the world of Japanese teenagers. Assistant for a time to the great Kyoko Okazaki, she published the first volume of *Triumps!* in 1992. With singular economy of lines, contrary to the usual visual profusion of shojo mangas, since 1996 she has been producing the *Happy Mania* series, which will soon be adapted for television. Moyoko Anno has also published illustrated essays on cosmetics and female beauty, thus demonstrating her mastery of different mediums.







How about a  
pine cricket?



Alright... Their  
call is fine and  
pleasing.













CARR-CARRR  
CARR-ICKET



CARR-CARRR  
CARR-ICKET

FRÉDÉRIC BOILET

## LOVE ALLEY



Winner of the Kodansha first yearly Morning Manga Fellowship in 1993, Frédéric Boilet leaves for Japan, where he still lives. Together with Benoît Peeters, he brings about *Love Hotel*, *Tokyo is My Garden* and *Demi-Tour (U-Turn)*. In 2001 he organized the Nouvelle Manga Event in Tokyo and published *Yukiko & Spinach*, an album which has now been translated into eight languages. Over the years, Frédéric Boilet has played an ever more active role in both European and Japanese comics, adapting Jiro Taniguchi's *A Distant Neighborhood* and Yoshiharu Tsuge's *Muno no Hito (Nowhere Man)* into French, as well as Joann Sfar's *Little Vampire* into Japanese.



It's written on the flyer:  
"Between sunrise  
and 8 a.m."

Just taking them out  
is already a chore!  
Can you arch your  
back a little?

Can't we take them  
down in the evening?

X Forbidden!

The worst is that there's still  
all the sorting to do! Now that's  
not just a chore, it's sla-ve-ry!!!

In the first place, the flammables.

We can only put them out two days  
a week, Monday and Thursday!

Spread your legs a bit?

The flammables, is that the food?

Yes:



Do shellfish burn?

Gotta believe...



There's the oil too!  
You can't just pour oil  
down the sink! You have to buy  
product to solidify it and put  
the block out on the day they  
pick up the flammables bins!

Your hands, raise them  
a little higher...



Just about anything  
made of paper can also  
go in with the flammables...



...wood as well,  
clothing...





Ah, yes! The garbage,  
we're supposed to rinse  
and dry it before  
putting it out! You'll  
be sure and do that?



Ahhh...  
You're just gorgeous, my love...  
The basin, a little lower maybe?

My calf, see it?



And then, the non-flammables,  
those are on Saturday,  
and that's another story!



You've got all the plastics...



... the small appliances,...



... bottles too,  
but only if  
they're broken,...









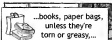
All that so far goes  
in the non-flammables  
and non-recyclables  
on Saturdays.



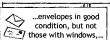
So, after all that,  
what's left to recycle?



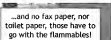
Well, newspapers,  
boxes,...



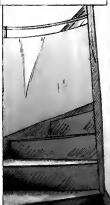
...books, paper bags,  
unless they're  
torn or greasy,...



...envelopes in good  
condition, but not  
those with windows,...



...and no fax paper, nor  
toilet paper, those have to  
go with the flammables!





With the recyclables,  
you've also got  
bottles, unless  
they're chipped...



...and glass jars,  
unless they  
contained  
something oily.



Cans are recyclable  
too, unless I stub  
my cigarettes  
out in them,...

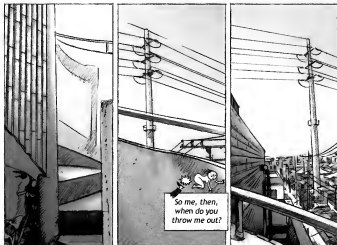


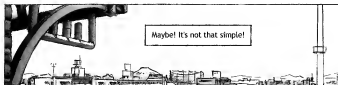
...and plastic bottles,  
but without  
their caps!



All that's got to be  
bundled separately.  
It's civic and it's to be  
thrown out Wednesdays!



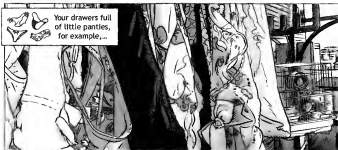




Maybe! It's not that simple!



I couldn't throw  
you out all at once,  
I'd have to sort you first!



Your drawers full  
of little panties,  
for example,...









You, once one's got you,  
one keeps you.



In Love Alley, there's  
no garbage day for you!



Tokyo  
3-05  
5-05

**FABRICE NEAUD**

## **THE CITY OF TREES**



**B**orn in 1968 in La Rochelle, Fabrice Neaud is one of the founding members of Ego Comme X, an independent French publishing company, where he has been publishing his *Journal* (Diary) ever since 1996. A pioneer of drawn autobiography, he talks about himself with a frankness that is rarely equaled, sharing with his readers, through the details of his day to day life, a political reflection on society.





# The city of trees

THE LAST TIME I  
CAME TO JAPAN

HIS IN OCTOBER 2001 AND ANTOINE HAD DISAPPEARED.

HE SHOWED UP AGAIN IN SPRING 2002.

THIS REAPPEARANCE OCCURRED A  
WHOLE VOLUME OF THE "JOURNAL".

AND WHEN HE LEFT AGAIN, AT LEAST I KNEW WHERE TO GET HOLD OF HIM.

THEN HE DISAPPEARED AGAIN IN SPRING 2004.

IT IS NOW  
SEPTEMBER 2009

AND I AM RETURNING TO JAPAN

THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO TOKYO LIKE I DO THE FIRST TIME. BUT TO SENDAI, 300 KM FURTHER NORTH ALONG THE COAST.

I MAKE A BRIEF STOP OVER IN TOKYO TO VISIT FREDERIC BOLET, THE INITIATOR BEHIND MY TRIP. I WAS TO STAY WITH HIM FOR ONLY THREE DAYS BEFORE BOARDING ON TO MY FINAL DESTINATION. FREDERIC LIVES ON THE TOP FLOOR OF A SMALL BUILDING NOT FAR FROM THE ARISE SUBWAY STATION. HE HAS A FANTASTIC TERRACE FROM WHICH, ON A VERY CLEAR DAY, WE CAN SEE MOUNT FUJI.

TO THE NONMOVABLE  
"THE FUJI" →



DURING THE SHORT STAY WE DO ALL OUR MORNING READING ON BIKES. IN JAPAN, BIKES AREN'T A WESTERNER'S CONCEIT. MOST JAPANESE HAVE ONE AND USE IT. IN TOWN, WHERE IT IS USUALLY FLAT (LIKE TOKYO, FOR EXAMPLE), BICYCLES ARE AN EXCELLENT MEANS OF TRANSPORT, CHEAP AND NON-POLLUTING. WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, TOKYO IS A LOT LESS POLLUTED THAN PARIS... FREDERIC IS ORGANIZED. HE HAS BOUGHT ANOTHER BIKE FOR HIS VISITING WRITER GUESTS.



I SUGGEST YOU BUY ONE WHEN YOU GET TO SENDAI.

INSTEAD OF GETTING ONE.

IT WILL COST YOU 6,000 YEN, ABOUT 160 POUNDS. YOU CAN'T LOSE.

OK, FREDERIC, I'LL DO THAT, SO.

I'VE BEEN INVITED BY THE FRENCH ALLIANCE IN SENDAI AND SPEND MY FIRST EVENING WITH THE DIRECTOR CHRISTOPHE BOURGUAULT AND HIS WIFE, VALENTINE.

WHO LOOKS LIKE A YOUNGER FRANKO.

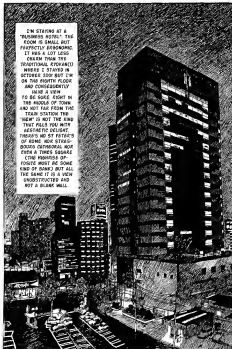
STRESSING WITH THE FUTURE CLOPPES WHO WAS BORN IN 1908 (JULY 4 2008).



CLOPPES WILL BE THEIR SECOND DAUGHTER, BECAUSE THEY ALREADY HAVE A LITTLE CELESTE AS WELL AS... TWO CATS (WHO ARE TABBIES), SO WITH TWO LITTLE CROW IN TOWN, THEY'RE SETTLED DOWN IN SENDAI AFTER HAVING LIVED FOR SOME TIME IN CHINA, WHICH I THINK IS WHERE THEY MET...



I'M STAYING AT A "BUSINESS HOTEL." THE ROOM IS SMALL BUT PERFECTLY FUNCTIONAL. IT HAS A LOT LESS CHARM THAN THE TRADITIONAL KYOKAN(I) WHERE I STAYED IN OCTOBER 2009 BUT I'M ON THE EIGHTH FLOOR AND CONSEQUENTLY HAVE A VIEW TO BE SORE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN AND NOT FAR FROM THE TRAIN STATION THE "VIEW" IS NOT THE KIND THAT FILLS YOU WITH AESTHETIC DELIGHT THOUGH NO STRETCHES OF RIVER, NOR STRAIGHT-BOWED CATHEDRAL NOR EVEN A TIMES SQUARE (THE PROMISE OF FORTUNE MUST BE SOME KIND OF DARK) BUT ALL THE SAME IT IS A VIEW SUBSTRUCTED AND NOT A BLANK WALL.



I MAY AS WELL BE SATISFIED BEING AS HIGH THE WEATHER ISN'T EXACTLY OF THE KIND THAT MAKES YOU WANT TO GO OUT - IT RAINS NON-STOP



THE WEATHER IS MILD IN THESE LATITUDES (IT MUST BE FARTHER SOUTH THAN HAWAII) BUT IT IS TYPHOON SEASON AND SURE ENOUGH THERE'S ONE PASSING OVERHEAD. YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE TO WORRY MUCH ABOUT IT, "TYPHOON" BEING MAINLY SYNONYMOUS WITH "HEAVY RAINS"



A WEATHER MAP IN ANY COUNTRY IS NOT VERY DIFFICULT TO READ. SO I MAKE THE MOST OF IT, AND WATCH TV...



...AND ALL I CAN SAY ABOUT IT IS - NO MATTER WHAT THE COUNTRY THE FORECASTS ARE JUST AS WATCHING EVERYWHERE. KIDCLOUTS BROADCASTS, BLAND MADE-FOR-TV MOVIES, STUPID GAME SHOWS... THERE'S NO NEED TO KNOW THE LANGUAGE TO REALIZE THIS, WHICH IS JUST AS WELL AS I DON'T KNOW IT. I'M QUITE SURE I'M NOT MISSING ANYTHING HERE... FOR NOW AT ANY RATE...



AND THAT'S BEFORE PUTTING UP WITH THE STATION'S GRAPHICS WHICH LOOK LIKE THE MOROSQUE SHADOW OF THE WORST OF THE 80S OBSERVING THROUGH THE HEARD EFFECTS OF A PSYCHOTIC TYPOGRAPHIC TERRORIST



NEVERTHELESS I DO MANAGE TO GET OUT, BUT MY EXCURSIONS ARE, OBVIOUSLY LIMITED TO A NARROW AREA. HENCE MY FIRST CONTACT WITH THE CITY WAS A STROLL THROUGH THE HUMONGOUS T-SHAPED SHOPPING ARCADES WHICH MAKE OF A GOOD PART OF DOWNTOWN SENDAI. A GLASS ROOF COVERS BLOCKS AND BLOCKS OF PEDESTRIAN WALKWAYS.



IT WAS THROUGH THIS "T" THAT I WAS TO PASS ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, NO MATTER WHERE I WENT AND, USUALLY ON MY WAY BACK TO MY HOTEL. IN THE BEGINNING IT WAS TO HELP ME GET MY BEARING.

BUT SENDAI IS NOT THAT BIG (OVERALL A MILLION INHABITANTS) AND ITS MANY LANDMARKS WERE TO BE JUST AS USEFUL AS THE LAYOUT OF ITS MAIN ARCADES IS EASY TO CLASP. IN ADDITION, SOME LANDMARKS ARE THEMSELVES VISIBLE MILEKIDS.



IN ANY CASE, WATCHING PEOPLE PASS THROUGH THE MALL, I NOTICE, JUST AS I DID IN TOKYO AT FIRST, THAT JAPANESE SLEES ARE OFTEN VERY PRETTY...



NEVERTHELESS I PLAY THE GAME WITH GOOD GRACE SO ENTICING IS THE ASPECT OF EFFECTS THESE LADIES INCLUDE IN TO PLEASE STRAITS OR THEMSELVES.

THE KEY TO THE SIAMORGOS ALL-LIKE REVOLVERS AROUND THE SAME OLD-CLASHES (OR: HIGH BOOTS TWO SIZES OF SLEET) JUST COVERING THE BOM AND VINTON HANGS ON OWNING FROM A VERY NOTICEABLY EXTENDED FOREARM.



THIS HOWEVER REMAINS A PURELY INTELLECTUAL OUTLOOK AS I DO FIND SLIPPING INTO THE ROLE OF A VERY GOOD-NATURED WALK VERY THOSEONE



AH...I WAS FORGETTING... A FASHION MODEL'S STRUT DISLOCATING THEIR HIPS SO WITH EACH STEP THAT IT MAKES MY ANKLES ACHE FOR THEM



FURTHERMORE, I HAVE TO CONFESS THAT I AM NOT OVERWHELMED BY EXOTIC DRESSES FOR JAPANESE MEN. MAY THEY FORGIVE ME IF THIS CRIME IS FORGOTTEN.

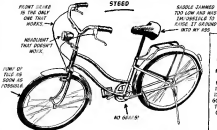


# THIS IS IT!

THE WEATHER  
HAVING IMPROVED A  
BIT, I FINALLY HAVE  
A JOB...

BUT I DON'T BUY  
IT AS FLEETING  
SUNSET AND DUSK  
ARE TO THE FRENCH  
ALLIANCE LEFT NO  
ONE FROM NOW  
ON I CAN WANDER  
AROUND FREELY  
AND CONSIDER  
MYSELF A FOREIGNER  
WELL-LOVED...

# MY FAITHFUL STEED



IT'S ROTTEN  
IT'S ROTTEN,  
IT SQUEAKS IN  
SILENCE, IT'S A  
MAYBE. I WAS  
TO GO OVER A  
HUNDRED MILES  
IN 10 DAYS WITH  
IT... AT LAST I'M  
GOING TO BE ABLE  
TO EXPLORE THE  
CITY I'M HAPPY!  
IT'S MY BEST  
FRIEND...

HEY! BLACK PRINCE!

AFTER THREE DAYS OF  
RAIN I FINALLY MAKE  
IT TO SENJI CASTLE,  
UP ON ONE OF THE  
HILLS

BUILT AT THE BEGINNING  
OF THE TWELFTH  
CENTURY BY THE  
FEUDAL LORD AND  
FOUNDER OF THE CITY  
DATE MANGU, IT  
HAD BEEN COMPLETELY  
DESTROYED BY FIRE  
ONLY TWO SURROUNDING  
WALL REMAINS AND  
YOU CAN GET A VIEW  
OF THE CITY FROM IT.

I DON'T KNOW, I  
DECIDED TO EXPLORE  
THE CITY AS QUICKLY  
AS POSSIBLE.



JUST AT THE ENTRANCE, HANGING IN ITS  
WEB BETWEEN A TRAFFIC MIRROR AND  
AN ELECTRIC POLE, A HUGE MULTI-  
COLORED SPIDER WHICH WAS MOSTLY  
YELLOW LIES MOTIONLESS. IT MUST BE  
A GOOD 4 OR 5 INCHES! BAKER...



A LITTLE LOWER DOWN - BUT I HAVE  
TO TAKE A TOTALLY DIFFERENT ROUTE  
- IN THE ZENODON MUSEUM OF  
THE LORDS...

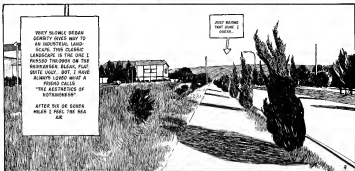
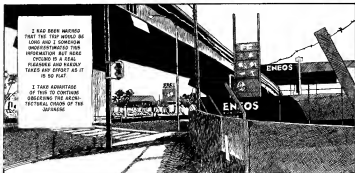
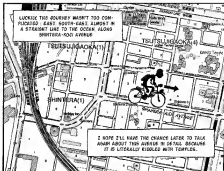


FOR ME, THIS IS WHERE  
THE BEAUTY OF JAPAN  
BEGINS



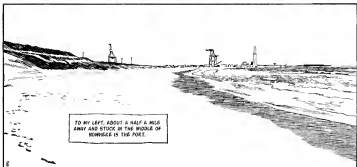
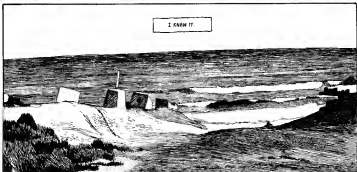








I KNOW IT.



TO MY LEFT, ABOUT A HALF A MILE  
AWAY AND STUCK IN THE MIDDLE OF  
NOWHERE IS THE PORT.

NOTHING DISTINGUISHES ONE SEASHORE FROM ANOTHER, ONE BEACH FROM ANOTHER.

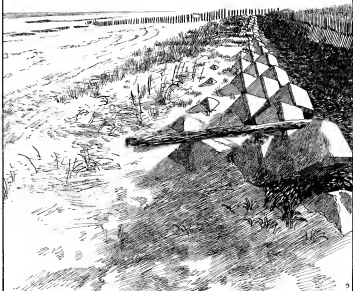
EXCEPT PERHAPS THESE BLOCKS OF CONCRETE NEAR  
CHOCOPUM FORTYSEVEN WHERE USE I CAN'T QUITE MANAGE  
TO UNDERSTAND AND EVEN LESS WHAT SENSE THEY MAKE. DO  
THEY HOLD BACK THE SAND FROM INEVITABLE EROSION OR ARE  
THEY LEFT OVER FROM WHEN "A PACIFIC WALL" SUCH AN OCE-  
ANIC OF THE GREAT BEACH OF THE AFTEREFFECTS OF ONE  
OF EUGENE ARCHER'S TO NETWORK?

A NEW TYPHOON IS DRAWING IN THE SOUTH-WEST

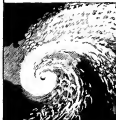
FORECAST FOR THE NEXT FIVE DAYS SAYS IN  
SINGAPORE. NO DOUBT I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FIND  
SOME WOODEN ACTIVITIES.

SHOPS OR  
MUSEUMS.

I MISS ANYONE.



I SHOULDN'T MISS HIM AS HE NEVER LOVED ME, AS WE'VE NEVER BEEN TOGETHER. I HAVE PHOTOS OF HIM WITH ME. I BROUGHT THEM WITH ME FROM FRANCE. WHY DO I FALL IN LOVE WITH GUYS WHO DON'T LOVE ME?



I SHOULD PROBABLY MISS GERALD WHO LOVED ME. MOISE MARINO SAID THIS, I'VE ALSO BROUGHT PHOTOS OF HIM. IN THESE MOMENTS OF CLIMACTIC ABANDONMENT, I USE THIS UMBRELLA, WHICH WAS ALSO SENT TO ME BY THE ALLIANCE.



SPEAKING ABOUT FINDING IT EASIER TO SPEAK WITH STRANGERS THAN PEOPLE, I'VE FOUND SEVERAL ADDRESSES FOR MINERAL SHOPS, ONE OF WHICH IS CLOSE TO THE PEDESTRIAN MALL.



IT TOOK SOME TIME AND IT, ALSO BY THE SHOP KEEPER OF ONE OF THE TINY BOUTIQUE IN THE NO LESS TINY ALLEYWAYS OF HOSHIO-DAI. I WOULD HAVE ONE OF MY LAST MERCH IN A BAR SEATING BARELY IN IN ONE OF THOSE STREETS



ONE OF THE NICE THINGS ABOUT JAPAN IN THE PRESENCE OF BUSINESSMEN, AND ESPECIALLY BATHING, FOR SQUARE FOOT, NOT A SINGLE SPACE IS LEFT EMPTY EVERYTHING IS USED.



AND THE MIN-LABYRINTH OF HOSHIO-DAI IS JUST ONE EXAMPLE IN JUST TWO STREETS, THERE ARE 100 VARIOUS SHOPS, THERE MUST BE CLOSE TO 100 DIFFERENT SHOPS



WHY IS IT BECOMING MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT FOR ME TO COMMUNICATE WITH PEOPLE?



I'M GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE OF A REASON, SAYING IT IS BECAUSE I SIMPLY DON'T LIKE THEM.

AND IF I FEELER BUILDINGS AND STONES, COULD IT BE BECAUSE THE MINERAL KINGDOM NEVER DISAPPEARS?



OR IS IT THAT I ENJOY TOO HIGH AND WANT HUMANITY TO BE EXTREMELY SELF-RESTRAINTED?

IF THAT'S THE CASE, THEN AT LEAST I AM HAPPY WITH THE JAPANESE, WHO IN THEIR PERSONAL RELATIONS WITH OTHERS ARE EXTREMELY CONSIDERATE, COURTEOUS, DISCREET, HUMBLE AND SELF-EFFACING IN PUBLIC. THE EFFORTS OF US STUPID LOUYS WITH OVERHEARD EGOS.



SUNDAY OCTOBER 10 I VISIT THE "SENGUJI CITY MUSEUM"  
IT IS RAINY OUTSIDE.



IN THE FIRST GALLERY EVERYTHING  
IS TRANSLATED IN TO ENGLISH MY  
ENGLISH IS HARDLY BETTER THAN MY  
JAPANESE, BUT I MANAGED TO  
UNDERSTAND THE GIST



THERE'S A LOT ABOUT ODAI WAKAMUNE,  
THE SAMURAI WHO FOUNDED THE CITY,  
WHOSE EDGEMOON STATUE DOMINATES  
THE GARDENS OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE  
WHICH WAS BURNED DOWN.



HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A VERY FRIENDLY  
FELLOW.

PRETTY SOON A LADY APPROACHES  
ME. INITIALLY I WAS A LITTLE WOR-  
RIED THAT I WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO  
TAKE PHOTOS INSIDE THE MUSEUM...  
BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE TRUE.



...IT TURNS OUT THAT IF MY LITTLE CAMERA  
DREW ATTENTION IT'S JUST BECAUSE A  
SHOOTING TEAM FROM THE FREEMAN CHANNEL  
"DATE" IS DUE TO ARRIVE IN A FEW DAYS  
FOR A REPORT ON THE MUSEUM, DESIGNED  
BY TOYO ITO... SO WITH MY  
WESTERN APPEARANCE.



I EXPLAIN WHY I'M THERE. SHE SEEMS  
DELIGHTED AND PROMISES TO MEET ME  
AFTER I FINISH MY VISIT.



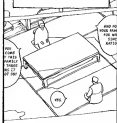
...WHICH I HESITATE TO DO  
BECAUSE I'M A LITTLE WOR-  
RIED THAT I WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO  
TAKE PHOTOS INSIDE THE MUSEUM...



I QUITE QUICKLY GIVE UP ON THE  
INFORMATIVE SIGNS IN ENGLISH  
(TRANSLATING EXHIBITS ME) TO  
CONCENTRATE MORE ON THE  
OBJECTS AND WORKS  
EXHIBITED.



THEN I REMEMBER ABOUT THE  
UNUSUALITY OF PARALLEL PROJECTION  
IN ALL JAPANESE DRAWINGS, EVEN IN  
MANY OF JED THRUOGH'S FRAMES



SOME OF THE SUPER PENTS FROM  
THE XVITH CENTURY HAVE NOT  
FAGED HOME FINE LITTLE STATUETTES  
WHICH SEEM TO BE A SPECIALTY OF  
BENINGI COVER THE DISPLAY SHELVES



CECERAS REMS. BUT I STOP IN  
FRONT OF A HUGE MAP OF THE REGION  
FOR QUITE A WHILE. IT WAS PAINTED  
AROUND THE XVITH CENTURY. IT  
MUST BE AT LEAST 40 FEET LONG.



I WAS TO MEET UP AGAIN WITH THE LADY  
WHO SPOKE TO ME AT THE START OF MY  
VISIT. IN FRONT OF DATE MASHIMUNE'S ALL  
BLACK SUIT OF ARMOR. WITH THE HELMET  
ATTACHED THE HELMET IS ORNAMENTED  
WITH A HUGE STYLED GILT SAGEE  
WHICH COMICALLY RESEMBLES THE  
"MOR" LOGO.



YOU'LL NEVER GUESS... WHO DID  
THIS PIECE OF ARMOR INSIDE  
AND FOR WHAT?



ATSUOBUO 'LEWIS LARRY KURO 40  
KUROBU THE ONE SHORT 250000 300000

AND IT IS CROCK-FULL OF DETAILS AS  
MUCH ADMINISTRATIVE AS TOPOGRAPHIC  
A KIND OF MICHIGAN D.S. GEOLOGICAL  
SURVEY NIGHTMARE



SO NATHAN FOXER WHO WAS IN CHARGE  
OF THE "SENDAI MUSEUM FILM COMMISSION"  
INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO ME. I  
TOOK A PICTURE OF HER AND THANKED  
HER BEFORE GETTING OUT OF THERE  
VERY QUICKLY





I HAVE A WONDERFUL MEMORY OF MY VERY FIRST MEETING WITH ARIKUNI FUKUDA. BEYOND THE USUAL DOTS ACTUAL OCCURRENCES WHICH SUGGESTED MEETINGS OF THAT SORT. I FOUND HER VERY DIRECT AND SPONTANEOUS WHICH IS NOT VERY COMMON AMONG THE JAPANESE AS FAR AS I CAN TELL.

LATER ON, I GO TO IZAMONRO THE NORTH TERMINUS OF SENDAI'S ONLY SUBWAY LINE THERE'S AN ARTIST'S DEALER THERE WHICH EMIKO TOLD ME ABOUT



I AM LOOKING FOR A KIMONO OR KATANE, SOMETHING TRADITIONAL WHICH I COULD WEAR IN FRANCE IT SEEMS I CAN FIND ONE AT IZAMONRO



WHEN I WALK OUT OF THE SUBWAY STATION, I'M GREETED BY BOOMING MUSIC. WHEN I GOT CLOSER TO THE PLACE IT'S COMING FROM. I SEE TWENTY PEOPLE DOING SOME CHOREOGRAPHED MOVEMENTS IN THE OPEN AIR.



OF COURSE WHAT IT ALL MEANS IS BEYOND ME AND I DON'T DARE ASK ANYBODY ANYTHING IN MY BECKER BAGGAGE. SO I TRY TO UNDERSTAND ALL ALONE AMONG AN AUDIENCE WHICH SEEMS TO BE SO WELL ACCQUAINTED WITH WHAT'S GOING ON THAT A VENERABLE OLD LADY STARTS MAKING THE SAME MOVEMENTS FOR HERSELF, KEEPING PERFECT TIME WITH THE DANCERS.



TRADITIONAL FESTIVAL FOLK DANCE FOR TWO THIS BEING THERE ARE NO INDICATIONS TO MAKE IT CLEAR ONE THING IS SURE. ONE GROUP AFTER ANOTHER PERFORMS DANCES AN UNQUESTIONABLE TREND OF PARTICIPANTS HAS BEEN MOBILIZED. I SEE OTHER DANCERS WAITING FOR THEIR TURN BEHIND EACH GROUP PREPARING



...AND EACH TIME THERE ARE TWENTY OR THIRTY THEY ARE ALL DRESSED IN COSTUME EACH GROUP WEARS A DIFFERENT ONE. THEIR COSTUMES DO NOT SEEM ANY MORE TRADITIONAL THAN THEIR CHOREOGRAPHERS OR THE MUSIC. A REMISS PITCHBEND WITH FREQUENTLY A TREMBLING SOUND



I WAS INCLINED MORE TOWARDS A STAGGER FESTIVAL...

...BUT OLDER PEOPLE WERE ALSO DANCING AND



IN THE END I NEVER DID FIND OUT WHAT THE STORY WAS. EVEN AFTER ASKING SAKO THE NEXT DAY SHE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT IT. STILL, EVEN ON RETURNING DOWNTOWN I WOULD KEEP ON SEEING GROUPS OF GAYED RIGHT BACK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SHOPPING AREAS...

MEANTIME IN ECONOMO, I FOUND MY ARTICLES ONLINE... AND BOUGHT AN OLD JACKET FOR JUST 1000 YEN.



SINCE THE BEGINNING OF MY DEEP MORE SO EVEN THAN IN 2001, I ASK MYSELF THIS QUESTION

SURE!  
MAYBE!



WHERE ARE SAKO'S HAPPY

MY HOTEL  
IS IN  
FRONT  
OF THIS  
TOWER



GENERALLY SPEAKING, MAKE  
ALL THE DAYS IN JAPAN

FROM THE VERY BEGIN-  
NING I HAVE ASKED  
THIS QUESTION VERY  
FLANKY BUT NO ONE  
HAS BEEN ABLE TO  
ANSWER ME. NEITHER IN  
TOKYO NOR HERE. ALL  
I'VE BEEN ABLE TO GET  
IS THAT THE "GOLD-  
EN" STREET IN SAKO  
IS KOKUBUNCHO-DORI  
AVENUE...

WHERE I WAS ONLY  
ABLE TO MAKE OUT THE  
WHOLE BIGGEST HETERO-  
SEXUAL FATHER

I DON'T SHOW ANY SIGNS  
OF GAY ACTIVITY OR AT  
LEAST I WASN'T ABLE TO  
OBSERVE ANY



NEVERLY I'M ASSURED THERE ARE  
OAPS NOW COULD THEY NOT EXIST? BUT  
THERE IS NO ONE WHO CAN GIVE ME THE  
SMALLEST BIT OF INFORMATION. GLOBAL  
POLITICAL CORRECTNESS IS SUCH THAT  
THEY CANNOT BELIEVE DISCRIMINATION  
EXISTS, EVEN WHEN IT'S UNDER THEIR  
VERY EYES



AND IF HOMOSEXUALITY IS HERE, IT  
IS SECRET. AND IF IT IS SECRET, IT'S  
BECAUSE IT IS NOT ACCEPTABLE

THIS MY OBSERVATION  
HOWEVER SUPERFICIAL IT MAY  
BE, NEVERTHELESS SHOWS  
WHAT ONE OF MY JAPANESE  
READERS, A HOMOSEXUAL  
HIMSELF, TOLD ME IN 2001.

IT'S STILL  
HIDDEN. WE  
DON'T TALK  
ABOUT  
IT.

DR. VEEF LITTLE  
DR. ELIZABETH A. JONES

SO I RETREAT TO  
THOSE WITH WHICH I  
AM FAMILIAR

THE PUBLIC

SINAI IS ALSO CALLED THE 'CITY OF TREES'. I DON'T KNOW WHY. COULD IT BE DUE TO THE NUMBER OF ITS PAKES?

FROM  
HARRISBURG  
PA

FROM  
NEW YORK

THE WHOLE AREA TO THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST WHERE THE YUZE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS IS SITUATED IS ALMOST LIKE A FOREST... KAMAKU, KAMAKUCHI-SANJUNIMACHI, KAMAKUCHI-DIMAMARU, THIS IS ALSO WHERE THE CASTLE AND YUZE-DEN TEMPLES ARE LOCATED.

MY FAVORITE IS THE GARDNER-SHAWNEE WOOD PARK NEAR ELMHURST IN THE NORTH.

THERE'S NOTHING  
GOING ON THERE,  
NOT A SHOW AT THE  
END OF THE DAY NO  
INDICATION OF ANY  
ACTIVITY NOTHING

THIS IS A COUNTRY  
EXTENDING ITSELF  
BROUDED WITH IDYLIC  
PARKS THAT ARE VERY  
ACCESSIBLE OPEN ALL  
NIGHT, DISCREETLY LIT  
WITH SOME NICE DARK  
ISOLATED ROOMS IN  
SHORT, LOCAL PLACES.  
EVIDENT THAT NOTHING  
HAPPENS THERE.

IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT PICKING SOMEONE UP IN A PUBLIC PARK WHICH REMAINS STRICTLY A WESTERN THING.

DO  
MAKES THE  
WANT THE  
PLACE.

ON THE OTHER  
HAND MUST COME



OR  
MAYBE  
I JUST  
HAIN'T  
FOUND  
IT

WHAT PLACE,



WHAT QUEST?

IN THE NEIGHBORHOODS, ON THE  
STREETS, FROM KAMAKURACHI TO  
TOKYO, GOING THROUGH FOURTHS  
AND AS FAR AS THE CENTER OF  
SHIBUYA AT KINSHI-HOUSE, WAS  
A PLEASANT FEELING OF  
AGREEMENT.



(LOOK OF  
FEELING TO  
FINDING)

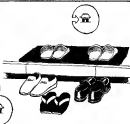
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SUMMARIZE  
HERE THE REFINEMENT OF  
JAPANESE CULTURE WHICH  
GENERATES AND GOVERNS PUBLIC  
ORDER - I ONLY WISH UP  
AGAINST IT FROM MY SIDE, BUT I  
STAND BY MY OBSERVATION

...IT SEEMS TO ME IT MUST BE  
DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN A CON-  
DITIONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH  
PEOPLE WHO LEAVE THEIR SHOES  
AT THE DOOR OF THEIR HOUSES.

OR  
ELSE I'M  
A REAL  
GOAT



IT'S QUITE DIFFICULT TO SLAM SOMEONE'S DOOR  
AND STOMP OFF IN  
YOUR SOCKS.



WHEN I LEFT  
MY BAG WITHOUT ANY  
LOCK OF LOCK IN SOME  
GENTLE PART OF TOWN,  
AND RETURNED TO FIND IT  
STILL IN THE SAME PLACE  
PERFECTLY INTACT

I EVEN FORGOT  
MY CAMERA  
ON IT ONCE OR  
TWICE BUT THAT  
WAS SOMETHING  
WHICH I WAS  
TOLD WOULD  
BE WHEN NOT  
TO GO

MY ONLY DESTINATION OUTSIDE SCHOOL WAS YAMADERA, A VILLAGE FULL OF TEMPLES, WHICH CLINGS TO THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN. THE FIRST TEMPLE WAS OPENED BY THE FEROUS JIKAKU OASHI IN 840. OTHER TEMPLES WERE ADDED TO THIS ONE OVER THE COURSE OF CENTURIES.



I WAS TO ATTEND A RELIGIOUS CEREMONY IN THE TEMPLE THAT WAS LOCATED THE HIGHEST.

NEARLY AN HOUR WITHOUT ORDER- STANDING ANYTHING, BUT NOT ORDER- STANDING A THING IN ABSOLUTE CALM.



I DON'T KNOW WHY I REMAIN SO MUCH ON THE OUTSIDE OF THINGS.

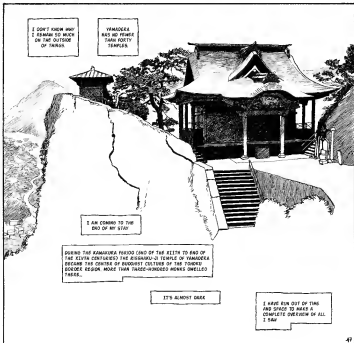
YAMADERA HAS NO POWER THAN FORTY TEMPLES.

I AM COMING TO THE END OF MY STAY.

DURING THE KAMAKURA PERIOD (END OF THE ELETH TO END OF THE FIFTH CENTURIES) THE KISSAKUJI TEMPLE OF YAMADERA BECAME THE CENTRE OF BUDDHIST CULTURE OF THE FOUROU GOEISEI REGION. MORE THAN THREE-HUNDRED MONKS DWELLED THERE.

IT'S ALMOST DARK

I HAVE RUN OUT OF TIME AND SPACE TO MAKE A COMPLETE OVERVIEW OF ALL I SAW





THE LANGUAGE BARRIER WAS SUCH THAT  
THERE WASN'T ENOUGH TIME TO LEARN ANY GAY SO BEYOND  
TOTAL MONEY TRANSACTIONS WHERE SHALL I GO FOR  
LUNCH TODAY? WHAT AM I GOING TO EAT TONIGHT?

I RETURN TO FRANCE.

AND THERE WAS TOO MUCH TIME TO FILL IN WITHOUT  
BECOMING ANXIOUS ABOUT MY NARROW LIMITS AS A WESTERN  
TOURIST GAZELLED UP BY THE SUFFICIENCY OF MASH CAPITALISM.

WITH THE PRESSURE OF AGING  
HAVING PASSED SOMETHING BY

AS FOR A LONG TIME NOW I PASS MY OWN LIFE BY

JUST BEFORE LEAVING I LEARN THAT SHAGGY IS TALKING WITH JENNIFER.

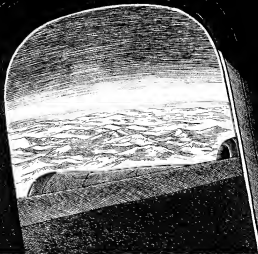
REMARKS

WHAT A CONSIDERANCE

ANTHONY'S CITY

PLEASE BOB PENDING ARE MOSTLY SERIOUS SINCE HE JUST  
FLUNG OVER THAT THE TALKING WILL DRIVE HIM BACK TO ME

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER.



DAISUKE IGARASHI

## THE FESTIVAL OF THE BELL-HORSES



Igarashi grew up in the province of Iwate, just like Miyazawa, and indeed he shares some unsettling similarities with the great contemporary poet: a phantasmagoric vision of natural phenomena, deep respect toward other forms of life, appreciation of nature transfigured. The first volume of the series *Mafo* (*Winches*), published in Japan in 2004, received the Prize of Excellence of the Ministry of Culture. *Hanashippanashi*, a collection of his short stories will appear in France in 2005 and in Spain in 2006.









WHY DO  
THEY CALL THEM  
CHANGU CHANGU  
HORSES?

CHANGU CHANGU CHANGU



BECAUSE  
OF THE SOUND  
THEIR JINGLE  
BELLS MAKE!



ONCE UPON  
A TIME, THE  
COUNTRYSIDE WAS  
FULL OF WILD  
BEASTS, THEY  
WERE SCARY...

CHANGU  
CHANGU  
CHANGU



WHY DO  
THEY PUT  
JINGLE BELLS  
ON THEM?



KLING, KLING!



...AND THIS  
WAY, THE NOISE  
OF THE JINGLE  
BELLS KEPT  
THEM AWAY.





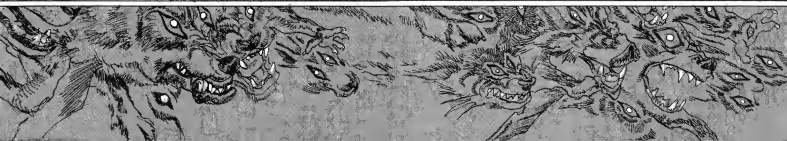


WE'RE GETTING  
OUT OF HERE!



HANG ON TIGHT!







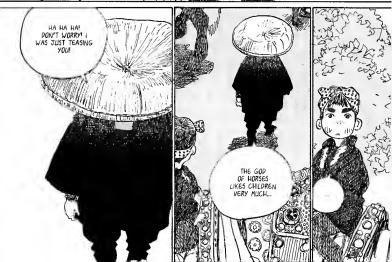


ON THE DAY  
OF THE FESTIVAL OF  
HORSES, IF YOU SAY  
ANYTHING LINKED  
ABOUT HORSES...

...THE GOD OF  
HORSES FINDS  
OUT! AND  
THEN...



... YES,  
BUT L...



HA HA HA!  
DON'T WORRY! I  
WAS JUST TEASING  
YOU!

THE GOD  
OF HORSES  
LIKES CHILDREN  
VERY MUCH...





# KAZUICHI HANAWA

## IN THE DEEP FOREST



**B**orn in 1947, Kazuichi Hanawa is the direct successor of Yoshiharu Tsuge, father of Japanese underground comics. He writes erotic-grotesque manga like *Akai Yoru* (*Red Night*) and *Niku Yashiki* (*Flesh House*), before switching style to more spiritual stories, like *Tensui* (*The Water from Heaven*). In 1994 Hanawa was jailed for possession of arms, an experience he wrote about in *Doing Time*, which was published in 2004 by Fanfare / Ponent Mon.

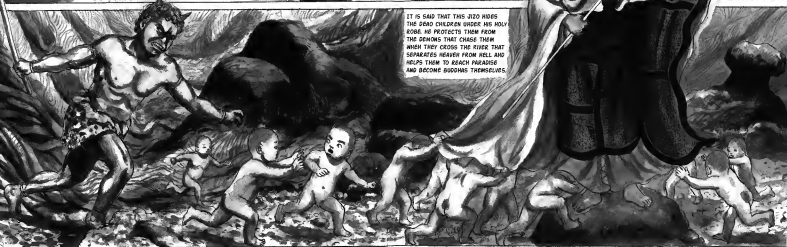


MOUNT  
MARUYAMA

KUKAI

IN SAPPORO ON THE ISLAND  
OF HOKKAIDO, VERY NEAR THE  
"MARUYAMA PARK" RAILWAY  
STATION, THERE IS A PATH WHICH  
LEADS TO MOUNT MARUYAMA.

RIGHT BY THE PATH, THERE  
IS A TEMPLE DEDICATED TO  
KOBODAI KUKAI (774-835).







FROM THE TOP OF MOUNT MAKURAMA (740 FEET) THERE IS A  
MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF SAPPORO AND THE MOUNTAIN CHAINS BEYOND.



NOT FAR FROM THE TOP OF  
IS ANOTHER SMALL SHRINE  
WHICH IS ALSO DEDICATED TO  
THE KODO-ONISHI.



YOU CAN SEE ALL SORTS OF  
SQUIRRELS...



...JAPANESE  
SQUIRRELS  
STRIPED  
SQUIRRELS,  
ETC.



IN THESE NORTHERN  
REGIONS AS SOON AS THE  
LEAVES BEGIN TO FALL  
WINTER IS UPON US.

THE STONE JIZOS ARE  
ALWAYS DRESSED IN SOME  
USED GARMENTS WHICH IT  
THAT COVERS THEM UP LIKE IN







PLANT FAMILY: GRALICEAE KALOPANIX SEPTEMILOSUS









HERE THE STONE FIGURES STAND UP, LOOKING LIKE THEMSELVES, EVEN WITH THE WIND AND SNOW THEY LOOK AS PEACEABLE AS EVER.



THE FAITHFUL WHO DRESS THOSE BUDDHAS EVERY YEAR MUST ALSO FEEL TOTAL NAT PEACE.



IF YOU LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE FOOT OF THE STATUE OF JIZO THAT IS LOCATED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PATH.



YOU CAN SEE BABIES CRADLED IN THE FOLDS OF HIS MANTLE.



THEY ARE S-ALTERED FROM THE COLD AND THE SNOW.



THE STORM HAS PASSED. WHAT A MERRY PATH THIS IS TODAY WITH ALL THESE VISITORS WHO ENCOUNTER ONE ANOTHER ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT MARUYAMA!



ÉTIENNE DAVODEAU

## SAPPORO FICTION



**B**orn on October 19, 1965 in Anjou, Etienne Davodeau is an author who steers between sociological fiction (*Quelques jours avec un menteur* - *A Few Days With a Liar* in 1997) and journalism (*Rural!* in 2001, with a preface by José Bové). In 2003 he produced together with David Prud'homme, an adaptation of the French singer George Brassens' only novel, *La Tour des Miracles*, in comic format. In 2004 he published *Chute de vélo* (*Fall from a bike*), which in 2005 was awarded the specialist bookstores' Canal BD Prize. His last album, *les Mauvais Gens* (*Bad People*) appeared in August 2005.



MY NAME IS SHIRO ATSUSHI. I  
TURNED 60 ON JUNE 23RD. I AM A  
FISHERMAN IN WAKKANAI WHICH  
IS THE NORTHERNMOST TOWN IN  
JAPAN, ON HOKKAIDO ISLAND.

TODAY, OCTOBER 10, 2004, I WAVE TO MY  
FRIENDS. I AM GOING TO VISIT MY  
TWIN BROTHER.

I WOULD'VE LOVED TO HAVE SEEN HIM ON OUR 60TH BIRTHDAY, BUT I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL.

PROSTATE

ACE

MY FRIEND MASAO LAUGHS. HE SAYS  
"YOUR TWIN COULD HAVE COME  
TO SEE YOU."

WHAT A JERK.

SAPPORO  
FICTION



THE SUPER  
SOYA TAKES  
5 HOURS TO  
GET TO  
SAPPORO.

I THINK ABOUT  
MY BROTHER.



I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN ABOUT  
TEN YEARS. I HOPE HE HASN'T PASSED  
AWAY. I'M NOT OVERLY CONCERNED.



HIS ENERGY ALWAYS AMAZED  
ANYONE WHO GOT CLOSE TO HIM.









HE CLUTCHES  
A TRAVEL  
GUIDE WHICH  
AWKWARDLY  
PROVIDES US  
WITH A FEW  
WORDS FOR OUR  
CONVERSATION.

AS A MATTER OF FACT MY AMERICAN WAS  
NOT AMERICAN.

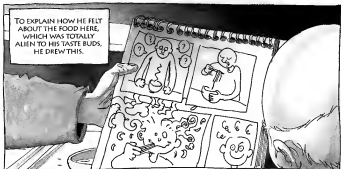


HES FRENCH.

WHERE I  
COME FROM,  
IN WAKKANAI,  
WHEN  
WE COME  
ACROSS A  
WHITE, IT'S  
A RUSSIAN  
OFF THE  
SAKHALIN  
FERRY.

I'D NEVER  
TALKED TO A  
FRENCHMAN.







WHEN WE TAKE THE BUS WE AREN'T ALL THAT FRESH. THE THREE HOUR TRIP TO TOYA COMES IN HANDY TO TAKE A LITTLE NAP.



MY FRENCHMAN DID NOT SLEEP.

IN TOYA, I SUGGEST THAT WE GO TO AN ONSEN (?) TO RECUPERATE. BUT FIRST, HE WANTS TO SEE THE PART OF TOWN THAT WAS BURIED UNDER ASH WHEN MOUNT USU ERUPTED IN 2000.



TOYA SPRING

WE GO THERE. HE SEEMS FASCINATED. HE STANDS THERE STARING AT THE ABANDONED BUILDINGS AND THE BULLDOZERS WHICH SEEM TO HAVE GIVEN UP TRYING TO REMOVE ALL THOSE TONS OF ASH.

THERE'S NOTHING TO SEE, EVEN THE HIGHWAY AND THE RIVER HAVE DISAPPEARED.

BUT HE EXPLAINS TO ME THAT IN HIS COUNTRY, VOLCANOS HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS.



I INVITE HIM TO COME WITH ME TOMORROW TO SEE MY BROTHER.



I'M NOT SURE THAT HE UNDERSTOOD.



NATURALLY, HE HAS NEVER SET FOOT IN AN ONSEN. I NEED TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO HIM.



NOT EASY WITH HAND SIGNALS. I MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND THAT IT WOULD BE CONSIDERED VERY BAD FORM TO ENTER THE WATER WITHOUT CAREFULLY WASHING AND RINSING FIRST.



SO, HE CAUGHT ON. YOU'VE GOT TO SEE HIM SCRUBBING CONSCIENTIOUSLY. IT'S QUITE FUNNY.



THE GUY IN THE WATER SPEAKS A (LITTLE) ENGLISH. MY FRENCHMAN SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO ASK ME ABOUT MY BROTHER.





NEXT MORNING, WHEN WE ARRIVE THERE,  
MY FRENCHMAN IS A BIT UPSET.

HE HAS JUST  
EXPERIENCED  
HIS FIRST  
DISAPPOINTMENT  
WITH JAPANESE  
FOOD.

AT BREAKFAST  
HE BACKED  
DOWN BEFORE  
SOME  
"MACKEREL  
BOILED IN  
BRINE".



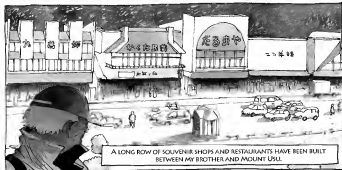
LET ME INTRODUCE YOU  
TO MY BROTHER.



...ME.  
SHOWA-  
SHINZAN.









**SHOW ME YOU'RE  
STILL ALIVE!!!**



I YELL AT HIM FOR 10 MINUTES.

**SHOW MY FRENCH  
FRIEND!**



OF COURSE, HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND A  
THING AND I CAN TELL HE'S A BIT EMBARRASSED  
TO SEE ME MAKING A SPECTACLE OF MYSELF.

AND THE TOURISTS ARE ALSO LOOKING AT  
ME ASKANCE.

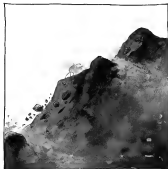


SO, I GIVE  
UP.

ME, IT'S MY  
PROSTATE

HUM,  
IT'S...





Etienne  
DAVODÉPA  
I 2005

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